

THE CRITIC

JOURNAL OF BRITISH AND FOREIGN LITERATURE AND THE ARTS:
A Guide for the Library and Book-Club, and Booksellers' Circular.

(PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.)

NEW SERIES, NO. 89, VOL. IV. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1846.

Price 4d.
Stamped Edition, 6d.

SUMMARY OF CONTENTS.		Page	Page	Page	
The Penscellwood Papers	305	The Sportsman's Directory	315	NECROLOGY—	
VOYAGES AND TRAVELS—		Kay on the Education of the Poor	315	M. Harel	328
Cameron's Personal Adventures in Georgia, &c.	308	JOURNAL OF GERMAN LITERATURE—		Dr. C. H. Rinck	328
POETRY—		Travels in European Russia	316	JOURNAL OF INVENTIONS—	
The Union of Christians	311	JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE—		The Metropolitan Sewage Company	329
RELIGION—		Michelot's History of France	319	JOURNAL OF MENTAL PHILOSOPHY—	
Christian Sects in the Nineteenth Century	313	JOURNAL OF NATURAL HISTORY	322	Memoric Infirmary	330
PERIODICALS, &c.—		THE TOURIST—		HEIRS AT LAW, NEXT OF KIN, &c.	339
Mores Catholici	315	The Picturesque Hand-Book of Liverpool	322	BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR—	
The People's Journal	315	Letters from a Travelling Bachelor	323	Literary Intelligence	331
The Fortunes of Turloch O'Brien	315	Sketches of the War in the Caucasus	325	List of New Books	333
Knight's Cabinet History of England ..	315	The Oregon Territory	325	Books wanted to purchase	334
MISCELLANEOUS—		ART.....	326	GLEANINGS	334
The Cairn; a Gathering of Precious Stones from many Hands	315	MUSIC	326	ADVERTISEMENTS.	
		DRAMA	328		

JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

The Penscellwood Papers. By the Author of "Dr. Hookwell," "The Primitive Church in its Episcopacy," &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1846. Bentley.

The Penscellwood Papers consist, with one exception, of essays on subjects of popular inquiry and discussion at the present time; and, setting forth the views of a clear thinking, earnest, and practical man—one who has gravely considered and thoroughly sifted the merits of the questions here elected for examination—they come most opportunely just now to assist the public to a right conclusion on subjects which of late have very largely engrossed attention.

The author of these essays has fallen into the objectionable, and in this instance wholly needless, form, which of late has become extremely common, of ascribing his own productions to a second party, here styled "the Rector of Penscellwood," and who, he states, confided to him not only these, but several other manuscripts which yet may one day see the light. We are introduced to the good old rector on the Sabbath in his church; and the chapter which first brings him before us affords the writer opportunity for a display of his descriptive powers, and also of giving eloquent utterance to some pious and exalting sentiments. For the sake of these we can pardon the fiction that these papers are by the Rector of Penscellwood, which otherwise we should have censured as an impertinent incumbrance to the book—one, moreover, whose purpose the title-page (where the honour of authorship is fully claimed by the proper party—the author of "Dr. Hookwell") entirely defeats.

The four political and religious subjects which our author has here undertaken to discuss, are, 1st, "Capital Punishments;" 2nd, the "Evangelical Alliance; 3rd, the "Endowment of the Protestant and Roman Catholic Church of Ireland;" and, last'y, that most important one, "The Education of the People."

As we do not propose to enter upon either of these, we must content ourselves with remarking that the author goes analytically and fully into each of the questions, disentangles it from the collaterals more or less foreign to the subject with which previous arguments have encumbered it, weighs attentively and combats the opinions of such as advocate views differing from those his judgment has led him to adopt; and, lastly, he enunciates his own convictions in so condensed and striking a form, giving also successively the links of powerful reasoning which have led to those conclusions, while the purity and sincerity of his intentions are above suspicion, that there are few readers

really unbiased and open to conviction who can withhold from him a surrender to the force of his arguments.

But the theme treated at the greatest length, and avowedly "a peculiar favourite" of the author, is the question concerning the souls and future life of animals. This occupies almost the whole of the first volume, and upon it the author has expended much time and thought, with a result, we opine, not unfavourable to his purpose. With the exception of a few scattered definitions by the divines, whose subject did not permit their being silent altogether as to the nature of the soul, such as TILLOTSON, Archbishop LEIGHTON, Bishops BERKELY, BUTLER, SHUTTLEWORTH, JEREMY TAYLOR, and Dr. WHATELEY—and the speculations—dim and unstable as they are—of LOCKE, HUME, PRIESTLY, and others of our metaphysicians, psychology has found small favour as a subject for investigation among the learned of this country. Yet a grander, more curious, or important inquiry than that which embraces the destiny of the soul through the Eternity on which it must shortly enter, lies not before the human faculties. Nor can it justly be urged, as a reason for this neglect, that the subject is itself of a nature too vague and mysterious to be fruitful of determinate and consoling results. Of late, however, we are happy to say, a more enlarged and better founded notion has manifested its existence. People no longer think it either presumptuous or useless to speculate on the soul, its properties and prerogatives, and its probable destiny hereafter. How much may be deduced of actual knowledge, and what inferences drawn of the future, by analogy from the existing world and the unconscious revelations things around us make, may be gathered from that admirable book by TAYLOR (published some seven years ago), "The Physical Theory of another Life." Since the appearance of this book psychology has received at various hands a slight furtherance, and though the whole increment be indeed small, it is sufficient to assure us that inquiry is still active; and what with the revelations of animal magnetism—which, greatly as they may be sneered at, promise more hopefully than any other to throw light on the subject of pneumatology—and the investigations of divines and metaphysicians, we do not despair to see the boundaries of this subject much extended, and its most prominent features accurately determined.

To revert, however, to the humbler branch of this inquiry, which our author has taken up—namely, the question whether animals are endowed with souls, and therefore have awaiting them a future state of existence? This he affirms they have in the following passage:—

That the lower animals (for man is but an animal of a higher order) have souls, and that there is a future life in store for them, are thoughts so agreeable to reason and religion, that it seems to me incredible that man should even consider them as destitute of these blessings, and his unbelief in this matter can only be accounted for by the supposition that his natural pride revolts against the idea of the brute creation being really placed in a position so near to himself; or, he feels afraid lest the elevation of animals to a spiritual life should be offensive in the eye of God, who has favoured man in so high a degree, even originally making him only a little lower than the angels. Indeed, Father Bougeant (the Jesuit), in his extraordinary work, says, that if we grant animals a spirit, "men would differ from beasts only by the degrees of plus and minus, which would demolish the very foundations of all religion!" Strange, how men arguing stoutly in favour of a feeble theory will seek to place their adversaries under the anathema of the strongest accusation that can be advanced against the human mind.

His arguments in support of this opinion are based upon the power of will in animals, and the extent of their intelligence. These are the properties he holds which manifest the soul.

When we are speaking of the soul of man, we define it to be a Principle in him with is not Matter. The soul is spirit. It is such as cannot come under the perception of our senses. It is the inner man—that which impels and guides the material. It is the essential cause* of our Will, and of those proofs of intelligence within us; namely, perception, understanding, memory, volition, &c. And when we believe that God is a Spirit, an infinite and immortal Spirit, we have little difficulty in believing that those spirits or souls which proceed from (as we grant) the breath of God, shall be immortal as God's Spirit. We have no doubt of this immortality of the soul as regards man, even as regards every man, be the cultivation of his soul what it may; and why then, when we see evidence of the existence of much the same kind of souls in animals as we see in men, why for a moment doubt that they possess them, and possess them for immortality? Is it reasonable—is it consistent with the presence of these attributes of the human soul, perception, understanding, memory, &c. to doubt of the immortality of the soul of the animal? For who will assert that animals have not souls, as manifested by their powers of Will, their exercises of perception, understanding, and memory? Most of their actions are those of a reasonable soul, are actions done in correspondence with an end to be derived. For, as has been wisely observed, they accommodate their operations and actions to times and circumstances; they combine, they choose the favourable moment, they avail themselves of the occasion, and seem to receive instruction by experience.

The ancients, many of them, and especially PLATO, admitted the existence of souls in brutes.

The Platonists allowed them reason and understanding, though in a degree less pure and refined than that of men. The Christian Lactantius allows every thing to brutes which men have, except a sense of religion. Locke allows them reason: "If they have any ideas at all," he says, "and are not mere machines, as some would have them (he alludes, I suppose, to the system of Descartes), we cannot deny them to have some reason. It seems to me as evident, that they do in some instances reason, as that they have sense. But it is only," he adds, "in particular ideas just as they received them from their senses." Yes: and since Locke denies us innate ideas, what is the foundation of our reason, but those particular ideas we receive from our senses?

LOCKE, if we remember rightly, defines the grand

* Archbishop Tillotson, in giving a definition of the soul, says, "That it is something in man distinct from his body, a principle in him which is not matter; that principle which is the cause of these several operations, which by inward sense and experience we are conscious to ourselves of; such are perception, understanding, memory, will. So that the most plain and popular notion that we can have of the soul, is, that it is something in us which we never saw, and which is the cause of those effects which we find in ourselves: it is the principle whereby we are conscious to ourselves, that we perceive such and such objects, that we see, or hear, or perceive any thing by any other sense: it is that whereby we think and remember, whereby we reason about any thing, and do freely choose and refuse such things that are presented to us. These operations every one is conscious to himself of, and that which is the principle of these, or the cause from whence these proceed, is that which we mean by the soul." (Vol. iii. p. 109, Serm. 120.)

distinction between the faculties of brutes as compared with those of men to be that the former cannot compound ideas, much less perform the intricate processes of reasoning which are worked out by the mind of man.

A number of amusing instances of intelligence and reasoning in brutes is given by our author, with comments on their language, character, and instincts, all of which are made to subserve some purpose of the argument. Before we turn to these we will shew what was the opinion held by TILLOTSON—that close and convincing reasoner—with regard to the immortality of animals.

That the most common and general philosophy of the world hath always acknowledged something in beasts beside their bodies, and that the faculty of sense and perception which is in them, is founded in a principle of a higher nature than matter. And as this was always the common philosophy of the world, so we find it to be a supposition of Scripture, which frequently attributes souls to beasts as well as to men, though of a much inferior nature. And, therefore, those particular philosophers who have denied any immaterial principle, or a soul to beasts, have also denied them to have sense, any more than a clock or watch, or any other engine, and have imagined them to be nothing else but a finer and more complicated kind of engines, which, by reason of the curiosity and tenderness of their frame, are more easily susceptible of all kinds of motions and impressions from without, which impressions are the cause of all those actions that resemble those sensations which we men find in ourselves: which is to say, that birds, and beasts, and fishes, are nothing else but a more curious kind of puppets, which by certain secret and hidden weights and springs do move up and down, and counterfeit the actions of life and sense. This, I confess, seems to me an odd kind of philosophy: and it hath this vehement prejudice against it, that if this were true, every man would have great cause to question the reality of his own perceptions, for to all appearance the sensations of beasts are as real as ours, and in many things their senses much more exquisite than ours: and, if nothing can be a sufficient argument to a man that he is really endowed with sense, besides his own consciousness of it, then every man hath reason to doubt whether all men in the world besides himself be not mere engines: for no man hath any other evidence that another man is really endowed with sense, than he hath that brute creatures are so: for they really appear to see, and hear, and feel, and smell, and taste things as truly and as exactly as any man in the world does. * * * * "Immortality imports, that the soul remains after the body, and is not corrupted or dissolved together with it. And there is no inconvenience in attributing this sort of immortality to the brute creatures." But, according to his further belief, this is a kind of mortal immortality; for he argues, that we, who know so little of the ways and works of God, and of the secrets of nature, should not think it necessary to be able to give a particular account of what becomes of the souls of brute creatures after death: "Whether they return into the soul and spirit of the world, if there be any such thing, as some fancy (in allusion, perhaps, to the Manichean philosophy), or whether they pass into the bodies of other animals, which succeed in their rooms: I say, this is not necessary to be particularly determined: it is sufficient to lay down this in general as highly probable, that they are such a sort of spirits, which as to their operation and life, do necessarily depend upon matter, and require union with it, which union being dissolved, they lapse into an insensible condition, and a state of inactivity. And when this visible frame of the world shall be dissolved, and this scene of sensible things shall pass away, then it is not improbable that they shall be discharged out of being, and return to their first nothing: for though in their own nature they would continue longer, yet having served the end of their being, and done their work, it is not unsuitable to the same wisdom that made them, and commanded them into being, to let them sink into their first state."

How far our author pushes his argument beyond many of the distinguished writers who have preceded him, may be gathered from the following passage:—

Once let us grant that the soul is the intelligent and feeling principle in man, as discerned by the attributes aforementioned, and we cannot tell where it may stop, or to whom it may be

confined, or what living sentient thing, from man to the lowest insect, may be without it. For animals, as for men, we argue for something beyond the interior sentiment of Lamarck, beyond the thinking substance of Locke, or Doctor Wollaston; we argue for a purely spiritual immaterial soul, or even should we feel inclined to adopt the theory of these philosophers, still, we argue against them for the existence of soul that can never die. May we not know that there is no real death or annihilation to any thing in this world? That all is transmutation and reproduction, and, in the end, all things, in common with man, may be placed by death "in the natural course of things into a higher and more enlarged state of life, just as our birth does." The principle of life is not extinguished in any thing that perishes as to its body or material substance, let it be clothed in whatever organized substance it may. And man's body is in the same category, for it goes into the earth and air, and back again, it may be, by means of food from vegetable or animals, into human bodies again; yet the life and soul of that body is never destroyed; it is born again into a new existence; and all animals, for any thing we can see to the contrary, partake of the same destiny.

The testimony, moreover, of Bishop BUTLER goes to support the argument for the immortality of animals.

"The constitution of human creatures, and, indeed, of all creatures," writes Butler, "which come under our notice, is such as that they are capable of naturally becoming qualified for states of life for which they were wholly unqualified. The faculties of every species known to us are made for enlargement, for acquisitions of experience and habits."

Of the interesting anecdotes in proof of the affections and intelligence of brutes we have space only for one, which the reader will perhaps not be disposed to consider apocryphal, though it be related many centuries ago by the great naturalist PLINY.

STORY OF A DOLPHIN.

There is in Africa a town called Hippo, situated not far from the sea coast; it stands upon a navigable lake, from whence a river runs into the main ocean, and ebbs and flows with the sea. Persons of all ages divert themselves here with fishing, sailing, or swimming, especially boys, whom love of play and idleness bring hither. The contest among them is, who shall have the glory of swimming farthest; and he that leaves the shore and his companions at the greatest distance, gains the victory. It happened in one of these trials of skill, that a certain boy, more bold than the rest, launched out towards the opposite shore. He was met by a dolphin, who sometimes swam before him, and sometimes behind him, and then played round him, and at last took him upon his back, then set him down, and afterwards took him up again; and thus he carried the poor frightened boy out into the deepest part, then immediately he turns back again to the shore, and lands him among his companions. The fame of this remarkable event spread through the town, and crowds of people flocked round the boy, to ask him questions, and hear him relate the story. The next day the shore was lined with multitudes of spectators, all attentively contemplating the ocean and the lake. In the meanwhile the boys swam as usual, and among the rest the youth I am speaking of went into the lake, but with more caution than before. The dolphin again appeared, and came to the boy, who, together with his companions, swam away with the utmost precipitation. The dolphin, as it were, leaped and dived up and down, darting about in a thousand different convolutions. This he practised for several days

⁶ Dr. Wollaston, in his "Religion of Nature Delineated," asks, "Might it not be more reasonable to say, it (the soul) is a thinking substance intimately united to some fine material vehicle which has its residence in the brain?" (Page 192.) And again, "If we should suppose the soul to be a being by nature made to inform some body, and that it cannot exist and act in a state of total separation from the body, it could not follow from thence, that what we call death must, therefore, reduce it to a state of absolute insensibility and inactivity, which to it would be equal to non-existence? For that body which is so necessary to it, may be some fine vehicle that dwells with it in the brain, and goes off with it at death." (Page 196.) This vehicle, which is so necessary to the soul, dwells with it in the brain, and goes off with it at death, he further supposes, is that by which it acts and is acted upon, by means of the nerves. (Page 197.) This vehicle seems not very different from the vital powers of modern physiologists, who regard the nervous power as their agent.—Dr. Wilson Philip, in Philos. Trans., page 271, 273. 1829. The doctrine of a vehicle for the soul which accompanies her when separated from the body, is not a modern hypothesis, but was held by the Platonists and many of the Fathers.

together, till the people, accustomed from their infancy to the sea, began to be ashamed of their timidity. They ventured, therefore, to advance nearer, playing with him and calling him to them, while he, in return, suffered himself to be touched and stroked. Use rendered them more courageous; the boy, in particular, swam by the side of him, and leaping upon his back, was carried about in that manner; thus they gradually became acquainted and delighted with each other. There seemed now, indeed, to be no fear on either side;—the confidence of one, and tameness of the other, mutually increasing: the rest of the boys in the meanwhile surrounding and encouraging their companion. It is very remarkable that this dolphin was followed by a second, which seemed only as a spectator, and attendant on the other; for he did not at all submit to the same familiarities as the first, but only conducted him backwards and forwards, as the boys did their comrade. But what is rather surprising, this dolphin who thus played with the boys, and carried them upon his back, would come upon the shore, dry himself in the sand, and as soon as he grew warm, roll back into the sea. Octavius Avitus, deputy governor of the province, actuated by an absurd piece of superstition, poured some precious ointment over him as he lay on the shore, the novelty and smell of which made him retire into the ocean; and it was not till after several days that he was seen again, when he recovered his strength and continued his usual playful tricks. All the magistrates round the country flocked hither to view this sight; the entertainment of them upon their arrival, and during their stay, was an additional expense, which the slender finances of this little community could ill afford, besides that the quiet and retirement of the place was utterly destroyed. It was thought proper to remove the occasion of this concourse, by privately killing the poor dolphin.

More satisfactory than the above are the anecdotes resulting from our author's own experience, and the eulogy of animals, which have come from the pens of WALTER SCOTT, WHITE of Selborne, JESSE, Lord BYRON, KIRKE WHITE, and a host of others, who have loved and observed the brute creation.

To sum up the author's argument in brief, he affirms that there is the same evidence for a soul in animals as for a soul in men, and that they inherit a future life. The practical useful result which accrues from this belief is, that it will lead us to be more considerate with regard to them, and to shew greater humanity and respect to them than we should otherwise do. We conclude our notice of a book (which we earnestly recommend to the perusal of our readers), with the final passages of this admirable essay.

But, after all that can be said or counselled on the subject, there must be an inner spring in the heart, that must move us to actions of charity. Better be without life than without charity! Calm, considerate, and lovely is the joy which this temper of soul administers. Jean Paul Richter says, "The last best fruit which comes to late perfection, even in the kindest soul, is, tenderness toward the hard, forbearance toward the unforbearing, warmth of heart toward the cold, philanthropy toward the misanthropic." And why this? Because we all love those who love us—do not the publicans the same? And so we are partial toward our own few domestic animals; while we look on the more alien and forbidding ones with contempt and unconcern. Henceforth let us enlarge the range of our affections, and learn to look with love and pity on the whole animal race; in like manner, as we are to look upon all men, whether Christian or Pagan, whether it be a Christian brother hymning in heavenly ecstasy his *cantique spirituel*, or the Greenlander gulping his oil and offal in his heathen hut. "One more excellent end," writes Wesley, "may, undoubtedly, be answered by the preceding observations (on the souls and future life of animals). They may encourage us to imitate Him whose mercy is over all His works. They may soften our hearts towards the meeker creatures, knowing that the Lord careth for them. It may enlarge our hearts towards those poor creatures to reflect that, as vile as they appear in our eyes, not one of them is forgotten in the sight of our Father, which is in heaven. Through all the vanity to which they are now subjected,

let us look to what God has prepared for them. Yea, let us habituate ourselves to look forward beyond this present scene of bondage, to the happy time when they will be delivered therefrom, into the liberty of the children of God!" And to this end have I written this humble essay; and I pray that it may bring more writers into the field. It is no mere speculative subject, but incentive of very humane and intelligent practice. I have had more delight in writing on this matter, than on any other ever taken in hand; and I have only to regret that my ability to do it justice has fallen so far short of the wish. Let these be my last words to my indulgent readers, words from one who has given us many lessons of the best common sense on many subjects:—"Cruelty to animals," writes Jones of Nayland, "is one of the distinguishing vices of the lowest and basest of the people. Wherever it is found, it is a certain mark of ignorance and meanness: an intrinsic mark, which all the external advantages of wealth, splendour, and nobility cannot obliterate. It will consist neither with true learning nor with true civility: and religion disclaims and detests it as an insult upon the majesty and the goodness of God: who, having made the instincts of animals minister to the improvement of the mind as well as to the convenience of the body, hath furnished us with a motive to mercy and compassion toward them very strong and powerful, but too refined to have influence on the illiterate or irreligious." What an argument is this, not for railing at that ignorance of our fellow-creatures which we have neglected to remove, but to exert ourselves to promote a liberal and humane education for all classes, for all have power over the inferior animals, until the multitude may be enabled to appreciate and adopt the sentiment of the admirable Southey,—himself a believer in the future existence of the animal creation,—and exclaim over every animal, as he did over one species:

Mine is no narrow creed:
And He who gave the being did not frame
The mystery of life to be the sport
Of merciless man. There is another world
For all that live and more—a better one!
Where the proud bipeds, who would fain confine
Infinite goodness to the little bounds
Of their own charity, may envy thee.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Personal Adventures and Excursions in Georgia, Circassia, and Russia. By G. POULETT CAMERON, Esq. Lieut.-Colonel, C.B., K.C.T.S. &c. &c. London, 1846. Colburn.

THESE volumes are a republication in a collected form of a series of papers that appeared in the *United Service Magazine*. And certainly they are cast in the true magazine mould. The writer has been haunted by an incessant desire to make an article of a certain length without using up too much of his material. Hence a diffuseness which is sometimes wearisome, and an attempt at fine writing which is always disagreeable. Colonel CAMERON has caught the manner of the penny-a-liners; he abounds in adjectives; he is continually in ecstacies, he revels in descriptions. These faults pardoned and his narrative is very amusing; for it relates to countries of which we have little knowledge, where the foot of the summer tourist has not yet trodden, and into which few venture unless called thither by official duties. As the best account that has come to us for a long time of a people whose name is more familiar to us than their national features, we can commend these volumes to the book club and library, and the following extracts will shew that we do this not unadvisedly.

The first will be a long one, but it well exhibits the Colonel's manner, and affords a pleasant foretaste of the sort of adventures to which the reader may expect to be introduced. It occurred *en route* from Persia to Teflis,

A GEORGIAN CHIEFTAIN.

It was on the second day of my departure from Erivan, when about fifty miles distant, that the nature of the country, hitherto flat, wearisome, and uninteresting, on descending through a narrow pass into the valley of Dilgan, suddenly changed its character, and became all at once surpassingly

beautiful. In the centre meandered a clear stream of excellent water, diversified at different points into a variety of miniature waterfalls; on every side rose clusters of superb trees, so admirably grouped together, that it was almost impossible to believe it was the sole work of nature, altogether unassisted by art (yet so it was), while the wild rose, clover, primrose, and other flowers, grew in luxuriant abundance around. I flung myself upon the turf, and for upwards of an hour could not again put foot in the stirrup; on eventually remounting, however, I found, as I proceeded, the singular loveliness of the scene any thing but diminish. I passed several military outposts, and parties of the soldiery employed in repairing the road, which in several places had been broken by the force of the mountain torrents. They belonged to a regiment the head quarters of which were stationed six versts to the right of the village which formed my halting place for the night. The march of the following morning increased considerably in interest, maintaining throughout as great a degree of scenic beauty as that of the preceding day; while, in addition, its character became of a sublimer nature, partaking more of the higher and majestic qualities of the Alps or Pyrenees. Tempted by the rich prospect every where around me, and accompanied by two confidential domestics, I quitted the high road, and wandered—wandered till I found I had lost the road, and that too without any possibility whatever of regaining it, all our attempts to find a track leading to it proving wholly unavailing. The sun was fast setting; in another hour it would be dark; and we had every prospect before us of being benighted on the hills. This would have been little or nothing had we possessed any provost wherewith to have satisfied our hunger, which a long ride had sharpened to a most immoderate extent; unfortunately, however, all our foresight had not taught us to be provided for a contingency like the present, though, not to resign all hope, we set about ascertaining the probability, if we could not trace a path leading to the road, of there being any village in our immediate neighbourhood, where we could procure some provision and shelter till the morning.

All our efforts, however, proved vain; darkness was fast closing around us, and we were about to relinquish all hope in despair, when, from the ridge where we stood, I observed a volume of smoke curling upwards from a grove on our left, some hundred and fifty yards below us. We rode down, and, approaching unperceived, discovered it proceeded from a very numerous party of wandering Tartars, who were encamped on the spot. The first idea of my followers was to retreat; nor did it appear they at all relished the propinquity of our nomadic friends, whose reputation throughout the country on the doctrine of appropriation, I must candidly confess, would not perhaps have stood the minutest scrutiny in the world; but this measure I by no means approved of, and that for several reasons. In the first place, we had been in the saddle almost since daylight, a period of nearly thirteen hours; secondly, our horses were dead beat and could not have gone much farther, and as they were of some value, and my sole property, I was naturally a little sensitive on this point; and thirdly, and lastly (and, if the truth must be told, the most powerful reason of all), because my eye had detected, at the first glance, the hind quarters of a fine fat sheep, hanging by the legs to a triangle formed of some of the lances of the tribe; while the savoury smell of a delicious pilau, which it is utterly impossible for the veriest stoic in the world to resist, came directly across my olfactory nerves, from an enormous caldron on the fire (the smoke of which had first announced to us the near proximity of our wandering neighbours), with double files of most inviting kabobs roasting by the same. However much my companions might have demurred to my reasoning at first, there was no standing the last, the steam of which had invaded their own nostrils, and in an instant banished every other thought from their imagination, with the exception of an eager desire to partake of such good cheer. Accordingly, trotting forward, as I approached him whom I had previously marked out as their chief, I sprang from my saddle, and in a bold, confident tone (the best mode of covering one's actual fright) gave him the "salam aleikum," which he, though evidently a good deal surprised at my unexpected appearance, immediately returned. Several fine, dashing-looking fellows now gathered round us, and, having explained our situation, we were welcomed with the utmost cordiality.

In a short time, our horses being carefully attended to and well provided for, the evening meal was served; and never do I remember seeing ampler justice done to any entertainment (most certainly on my part); and although both before and since I have been in many wild and striking scenes, which have led me into the society of rather odd persons, this evening is one that will never be erased from my recollection. The chief was a fine athletic figure, in the prime of life, as were most of his followers; but there was one among them who particularly attracted my attention, and who appeared the wildest of the wild, even among that wild set. He was the adopted son of the head of the tribe, extremely young, tall, and powerfully made, with a large black eye, expressive at once of the highest good humour, and a *poco curante*, devil-me-care sort of look, which formed singular contrast to the rather sedate countenances of his companions. In lieu of a turban, he wore a Greek skull-cap, which, in the rakish and jaunty manner it was set on one side of his head, was peculiarly becoming to his features. He was, they informed me, by birth a Lesgueu, a native of the Eastern Caucasus, and appeared to be a general favourite, though how he came amongst those with whom I found him I could not ascertain. Our supper finished, after some conversation over a comfortable pipe and cup of coffee, I stretched myself in my cloak, with my feet to the fire, and in a few minutes fell fast asleep. I was awake at sunrise by the chief, who, with three or four of his followers, were ready prepared to conduct me on my journey. Our route lay through a country exactly similar to that which I had passed on the two previous days, till it diverged into the plains in the vicinity of Tiflis. My black-bearded friends, their leader informed me, were of a powerful tribe, originally from the Crimea, but since the cession and subjugation of that province in the time of the Empress Catherine, scattered in different branches from the shores of the Caspian up to the frontiers of Poland. A sudden turn now brought us into the high road, close beside a sign-post marked with the Imperial colours, and inscribed as being only twelve versts from the city, the towers and spires of which the chief pointed out to my attention, and mentioning there was now no further need of his attendance, and that for particular reasons he wished to escape the notice of any passing travellers, gave me a cordial "Khodah sakhlah!" (God preserve you), which I as warmly returned, and in a few minutes he was out of sight. An hour's ride brought me to the city.

In a recent number of THE CRITIC, an account was given of Austrian military punishments. This is

MILITARY PUNISHMENT IN RUSSIA.

A number of men, varying from a single squadron to a whole regiment, according to the number of lashes to be inflicted, are formed in single ranks facing inwards, each soldier being armed with a strong oaken rod about four feet long, and the thickness of the middle finger. The unhappy prisoner, stripped to the waist and handcuffed, is then marched through, two soldiers holding the points of their sabres or bayonets at his breast, to prevent his advancing beyond a certain pace, and receiving from each man as he passes a blow given with his whole force. This continues till wearied nature can hold no longer, and he sinks down unable to move; his senseless form is then placed upon a hurdle or wheelbarrow, and in this manner he is dragged on, and receives the rest of his punishment. It may reasonably be supposed that not a few expire under its infliction on the spot, while many more live but to writhe in the most harrowing and excruciating tortures in the regimental hospitals, till death happily terminates their sufferings. But the worst is yet to be mentioned. In the event of the former occurring, the given number must yet be inflicted, and, horrible to relate, the hideous living mass of senseless, shapeless human clay is still drawn through the ranks, the corpse resounding with the blows rained upon it till the sentence is complete. Under these accumulated horrors, woe to the wretch whose compassionate feelings or weakness of nerves render him incapable of striking with the prescribed force, as he is almost immediately seized upon, and a similar punishment inflicted upon himself.

At Piatigorsk, a famous Russian spa, the colonel remained some time, enjoying every kind of pleasure usually found at such places, but varied with incidents

that would not be relished by our citizens at Baden, or our nobility at Kissengen. As witness this sketch of *les bains de l'empereur à Baden* et *la soirée au bal à Kissengen*.

A BALL AND A SURPRISE.

On entering the ball-room I could not help observing that the features of the commandant, Colonel P— (a German, on whose usually calm and imperturbable face I had previously supposed nothing but the shock of an absolute earthquake under his feet would have produced the slightest impression), appeared to wear an expression of doubt and thoughtful anxiety, which gave a triple proportion of gravity to his solemn countenance. The ball, however, proceeded merrily, the waltz, the galoppe, and the graceful mazurka following each other in rapid succession. It was after a turn in the former that I was standing with my partner at one of the half-open windows leading out upon the balcony, when, gazing upwards at the few stars which, now glimmering in the heavens, made it apparent the darkness was about to subside, I suddenly felt a pressure on my arm, followed by the half-startled exclamation of "Grand Dieu! qu'est ce que c'est que cela? écoutez." "Ce n'est rien," I replied carelessly, "encore un tour." On the completion of which, however, having handed my partner to her seat, I glanced once more at the commandant, being firmly convinced that if ever in the course of my life I had heard the rumbling of artillery, it had been a few minutes previous, which, coupled with what I had already witnessed, led me to believe that the present drama stood some chance of being brought to a bloody termination, for which it was now but too evidently apparent every preparation had been made! At the time my attention was again turned upon Colonel P—, he was, accompanied by his adjutant, about re-entering the ball-room, from which he had been for a moment absent, the expression of anxiety which had previously marked his features having disappeared, and it struck me (for I was not near enough to say with certainty) that he seemed to heave a long and deep-drawn breath, as of a person delivered from a heavy and painful burden. It was nearly an hour past midnight; the ladies, having partaken of the light refreshment usually served at the termination of a *réjouissance*, had all withdrawn, and the others were about to follow the example, previous to the final breaking-up of the party, when I stepped forward once more to the balcony, and there at once beheld, as if by a stroke of magic, a full confirmation of all my suspicions!

What a magnificent—what a glorious scene! The darkness had wholly and entirely disappeared, and in its place the blue firmament of heaven (of which those who have traversed the isles of Greece in the summer season can form a good conception) glittered with a myriad of stars, and, with the moon blazing in a splendour which rendered the light almost equivalent to that of day, fell upon the bright and bristling array of a forest of lances and bayonets, which glistened in its beams, extended in circles, so as to cover every approach to the place. The Cossack, wrapped in his cloak, lay at the head of his horse, which, ready saddled and bridled, stood picqueted by his lance; the infantry, in companies, slept extended in their ranks, with their arms piled in lines before them; while the artillermen were stretched beside their guns, save the few who, with lighted matches, stood prepared to act on the instant! While still gazing upon, and admiring, the brilliant spectacle before me, I was suddenly roused by hearing my name shouted in a dozen voices from the supper-room, on entering which I received the ironical congratulations of all my friends on my approaching *début* as the soldier of his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Russia, since, whatever might have been my choice of either of the belligerent powers, I had at the present moment no option from being with them. It appeared that early in the morning information had been conveyed to the commanding officer that the body of Circassians who had passed the Kouban had resolved upon an attack that night upon the place, and warned him to be prepared. The notice was short, and time pressed; the garrison consisted of only one weak battalion and a party of Cossacks; accordingly, the most pressing requisitions were sent to the neighbouring posts for reinforcements. Unwilling to alarm the ladies, and aware that the assault, if it did take place, would not occur till towards morning, the commandant deemed it the most advisable to keep the intelligence confined to himself and his adjutant till after their departure, when he communi-

cated to those present what was likely to occur. This intelligence, as may naturally be supposed, caused some sensation among us all, though the almost universal opinion was it would terminate in nothing, since the mountaineers were too wily to hazard an attack where the chances were so much against them (the more especially with the terrible remembrance before them of their previous assault upon this place), and would be made aware, on their approach, by some of their secret friends, of the formidable force which awaited them, from the reinforcements which had poured in from all sides.

It was towards three o'clock; our party had broke up, and we were mingled in different parts of the ranks, when a low, bubbling noise came upon the ear—it ceased, but was again distinctly heard, and at length gradually increased, till, although still at some distance, a practised ear could distinguish a body of horse advancing at speed. I listened, with attention stretched to the utmost, till I believe I could with distinctness have heard the sound of a leaf stirring, when the silence of the night was at once broken in upon by the roll of the drum, answered by the calls of the trumpet and bugle; and in less than five minutes the serrated ranks stood prepared, steady, but almost with the same stillness as before. A quarter of an hour elapsed, the noise had ceased, and we could see the lance-blades of the Cossack videttes glittering in the moonlight, as they sat motionless in their saddles, in the track from whence our assailants were expected. Some further time passed, and at length the nearest half squadron to the main road, throwing out its skirmishers, advanced along it at a brisk trot, several of us spurring to the front and following it. After a ride of three versts, we were brought to a dead halt; for there, full in our front, stood a massive dense column of horsemen, not three hundred yards distant, a little detached from whom, and somewhat again in advance, were a group of eight or ten persons, one conspicuous among the rest, whose gleaming helmets and coats of mail flashed with a brilliant radiance in the bright moonlight beams; while, in apparently deep and earnest conversation with them were several persons on foot, imparting, we felt at once convinced, every information regarding our movements. The individual who, by his air and manner, seemed the leader of the band, on our halting, suddenly put his gallant horse in motion, and rode singly towards us; his immediate followers, however, almost directly imitating his example, though at a walk only, apparently as if to be in readiness to support him, should occasion require. At once a rush and a whirr were heard from the rear of our party, the herald of half a dozen rockets, which flew into the air, and, with the accompaniment of a couple of "blue-lights," cast a perfect glare of light over the whole scene! The Circassian chieftain advanced, halted, and then again moving his horse from one point to another, seemed earnestly and attentively to regard our ranks and numbers. He was so near that any Cossack of the party might have shot him—result, I will freely confess, I sat shivering with anxiety, expecting every moment to see. Suddenly he turned, and rejoined his men on the spur, when, almost immediately afterwards, the persons I have previously mentioned as having stood near him on foot plunged into the neighbouring bushes and disappeared, while the whole column wheeled about, and slowly and leisurely cantered away.

It appears that the Emperor of RUSSIA sometimes employs his despotic power in furtherance of justice. Here is an instance:—

Twelve years since not only were the subordinate commissioned officers of a regiment, the captains and subalterns, liable to corporal punishment from the hands of their superiors, but it was by no means an uncommon occurrence for them to be actually in attendance upon the tables of their commanders like other menials. This system, however, the emperor very soon checked; and decision of his, on a most lamentable catastrophe, caused a sensation throughout the whole empire not easily to be forgotten. As the unfortunate event to which I allude formed a theme for general conversation when I was in Russia, and exhibits a bright picture of the justice of its ruler, while it at the same time offers the strongest corroborative proof of what I have mentioned regarding him, I may here relate it. An officer of hussars was proceeding with important dispatches for the government towards St. Petersburg; he had changed horses at one of the post-houses, and was about to

resume his route, when the carriage of a general officer drove up to the door, the inmate of which, on finding no other horses were to be procured, immediately directed the removal of those attached to the hussar's carriage. The officer respectfully remonstrated on this proceeding, first on the ground of his previous arrival at the post-house, and next upon the nature of his business, which was most urgent. The only reply to his representations was the general springing from his chariot and striking him a violent blow with his clenched fist full in the face. The blood of the young man rushed, with a glow of crimson, to his countenance at this wanton and unprovoked insult; he was from the southward—the frontier was barely passed, and he was still armed; in the frenzy of the moment, his quivering fingers grasped the pistol in his belt—a flash, followed by a sudden yell, told the result, and, shot through the heart, his brutal superior fell dead at his feet! The homicide was seized and brought to trial, was found guilty, and sentenced to the mines of Siberia. On the proceedings being submitted to the emperor, he directed the reassembly of the court-martial, on the ground of the most material point of the evidence not having been entered upon the proceedings, or even indeed gone into, and which consisted in the fact, as to whether the pistol was at hand the moment it was fired, and, above all, if it was loaded at the time.

This omission being rectified, and the former verdict adhered to, the finding and sentence of the court was shortly afterwards published to the army, with the strong, magic, and emphatic words of *disapproved* and *annulled* attached to the same! A few brief but forcible remarks from the Emperor recorded his reasons for the view he had taken of the subject, and which stated that both parties moving in the same rank of life as gentlemen, the indignity and humiliation of a blow, under the circumstances detailed, justified the unfortunate result, since, from the infirmity of human nature, as might be expected, it would rouse every passion beyond the bounds of all control or prudence. This decision, which created considerable surprise, was productive of unmixed satisfaction among all ranks, except the brutal and low-minded (of whom, unfortunately, there are but too many), as the beneficial effects derived from it became more apparent and more appreciated.

In a different strain, having the faults we have noted, but mingled with many graphic touches, is Col. CAMERON'S description of

A NIGHT SCENE IN THE CAUCASUS.

It was, as near as I could judge, about midnight; I had fallen fast asleep, when I was suddenly aroused by a crash, that at the moment I could have imagined heralded the end of the world's existence. I have heard the echo of upwards of a hundred pieces of ordnance in the field; I have felt my horse reel beneath the deafening explosion of a mine; but a parallel to such a peal as that which burst upon my now startled ear, and seemed to pierce the brain's most inmost fibre, it has never been my lot to witness. Though momentarily stunned, I was in an instant completely awake; and then, such a keen, dazzling, lambent sheet of flame burst around, it seemed as if the circuit of the whole country was one bright stream of fire, followed, too, by a roar, if possible more awful than the first. Half-blinded though I was, I yet had time to mark its effect. The horses stood firm and still, with manes erect, their eyes almost starting from their sockets, more like the frightful resemblance of unequal number of bronze statues than a picture of living life. My companion, whose pale countenance must have reflected back the image of my own, crossed himself devoutly, while our domestics pressed their hands to their eyes to shut out the terrific spectacle, and the low, deep, yet fervent prayers of both, alike the Christian and the Mussulman, were poured forth with a devotion that could not have been more deeply expressed had the last hour been at hand.

Another flash—another—and another. The rain descended in torrents, as if threatening a second deluge; while the deep, hoarse murmur of the rushing wind, and the sounds of crashing and falling trees, imparted additional terror to the scene. What a sublime—what an awful picture! I have been in many scenes of peril, both by sea and land; not merely the area of a bloody and well-sustained conflict, where its mad-daring excitement banishes ought else from memory, but the resolution to do or die; but in others, where, placed in the fullest and clearest point of view, and destitute of any

absorbent passion to string and nerve the mind, it became necessary calmly and resolutely to gaze upon the threatened danger no human means could avert; the more especially on one occasion, in the early part of 1832, when, embarked in what was as gallant a bark as ever rode or stemmed the seas, in one of the severest of the equinoctial gales witnessed during that tempestuous period, we rolled for some time, a heavy, crippled, misshapen wreck: fearfully, however, as it then impressed me, it was as nothing when compared to the feelings of breathless awe which possessed me on this occasion. For upwards of an hour the storm raged, and then as suddenly ceased, giving place to the most intense stillness. A pale, glimmering light, at first but very faint, but which gradually increased in strength, now appeared amidst the dense and murky darkness; further yet it extended its gladdening influence; a part of the blue vault of heaven, studded with bright and innumerable stars, now disclosed itself, smiling and serene, as if in contrast to the terrific scene which had but so recently passed away; further, and yet further still, it increased the extension of its cheering rays, the last black speck disappeared on the distant horizon, and there shone forth, in all its brilliancy and lustre, the serene, soft beauty of night in a southern clime. It was then we breathed freely, and congratulating each other upon the fortunate result of what we had witnessed, once more resumed our journey. As daylight dawned on every side we beheld traces of the havoc caused by the recent storm. Massive trees torn up by the roots; others, of a lighter frame, snapped short asunder; whilst more than once the servants were obliged to alight and clear away the branches and fragments of rock and stone with which the road was completely blocked up. The sun had risen as we approached the stupendous chain of the Caucasus, and shed its glowing and glittering rays upon the vast and magnificent view before us. We reached the foot of the ascent about nine o'clock, and were most kindly received by Major A —, the commanding officer of the outpost, which consisted of the head-quarters of a battalion of infantry.

And with the following we conclude:—

WINTER SPORTS.

A few days after my return to the capital, down came the winter in good earnest; in one night the Neva was frozen over, and four-and-twenty hours afterwards crossed, in a variety of thoroughfares, to the opposite side of the city. Sledges and ice-hills now quickly came into play. The latter is a species of winter amusement very much in vogue among all ranks, sizes, ages, and sexes in the northern metropolis, and is similar to what many of my readers are, in all probability, familiar with, as prevailing several years ago in Paris, under the denomination of *les montagnes Russes*; that, however, was far less frolicsome and exciting than the present, of which the following is a slight description:—A rough scaffolding being erected on the ice, with a slope sufficiently steep, is covered over with snow, down which are thrown several buckets of water, which, being perfectly frozen within a few hours afterwards, a small light sledge, sufficiently large to hold one or sometimes two persons, is dragged to the summit, when, upon being seated, a slight kick sends the vehicle flying with a velocity absolutely petrifying to the charioteer, who, half blinded with the rapidity with which he shoots along, on reaching the bottom of the declivity, begins to entertain some idea he is never going to stop, at least, such was my own impression, and led me to believe for the moment I was about making an involuntary second visit to Cronstadt. Gradually, however, the sledge decreased its swiftness of motion, and then came to a halt. On the progress of the conveyance being arrested, its occupant jumps up (pretty sharply too, if he would not incur the risk of being charged in the rear by the next comer, who may, perchance, have been dispatched on his excursion with a stronger impetus than himself), and, seizing the rope attached to it, drags the sledge back to its starting-point; it being considered un-sportsmanlike and derogatory to discharge this somewhat porterlike office by deputy. It certainly is an inspiring invigorating exercise, and, on the occasion of any grand *fête*, when the Neva is filled with groups of every description, from the Imperial family to the peasant, the picture it presents is equally novel and agreeable.

THE COURT.

I was still gazing upon a small but exquisitely-finished Madonna, a masterpiece from the hand of Guido (and whose Madonnas are like his?) when a stir without announced the approach of the Imperial party, and almost the same moment the folding doors at the extremity of the apartment were thrown open, and preceded respectively by a perfect squadron of chamberlains and *demoiselles d'honneur*, the former blazing with gold and embroidery, and the latter wearing the rich and singularly pleasing Russian national costume, the Emperor and Empress entered. Each passing round the circle formed to receive them, entered into familiar conversation with every new arrival, as he was presented by his respective ambassador. I was the only military stranger, and on my name being announced by Lord Clanricarde, was minutely questioned by his Imperial Majesty on a variety of points connected with the discipline and interior economy of the British and Indian armies, in a manner which shewed him well acquainted with both. The Empress, mild, benignant, dignified, as the softened tones of her voice fell upon the stranger's ear, he could no longer wonder at the veneration her character and presence everywhere inspired, and which volumes could not tell so fully as the artless simple description of a beautiful English girl, who, constantly in the society of the Imperial family during their stay at Ems, exclaimed, "She was the most loveable being in the world."

A COURT BALL.

It was now, indeed, that I had a full opportunity of observing the splendour of the Russian Court. In the morning, with the exception of our hurried passage through the grand reception room, no opportunity for observation had occurred, excepting in the saloon of private *entrée*; now, however, the blaze of magnificence which burst upon the view was utterly beyond description, and rendered all that I had previously witnessed in the other courts of Europe a mere bagatelle in comparison; but if the rich paintings, the exquisite statuary, the innumerable works of the choicest *virtu*, in which the rarest malachite seemed as general as the most ordinary materials in other hands, the costliest mirrors, columns and ceilings, brilliant with all that taste could execute and wealth could command—if this united display, mingled with the gorgeous *habits de la cour*, superb uniforms, and various striking costumes, formed a picture dazzling and wonderful to the eye of a stranger, there was another circumstance still more striking, especially to an Englishman, remembering the ultra-stiff formality of his own court, and that the one in which he stood was representative of the most absolute government in the world—and this was the urbanity, kindness, and condescension of the Emperor, Empress, and the whole of the Imperial family, who, full of life and joyous spirit, with a smile, congratulation, and kindly welcome for every one, rendered the scene replete with gaiety and pleasure, and, in lieu of the rigid, I may almost say morose degree of etiquette I had been led to expect, never do I remember to have witnessed, even in private life, a more perfect picture of freedom and amusement. By-the-by, I may mention the evening enlightened me as to the cause of his Imperial Majesty's universal popularity with his lady subjects (that is, the younger part of them), since there he was, laughing, chatting, and doing the agreeable, beyond all competition, which, coming from a splendid figure, six feet two or three in height, decidedly the handsomest and most soldier-looking fellow in Europe, and Emperor of the Russians to boot, the effect may be easily conceived; indeed, to do him justice, a better judge of, and sharper eye for, a pretty face, I never remember to have met with.

POETRY.

The Union of Christians, a Poem. By JOHN TOD BROWN. 8vo. London: Seeley, Burnside and Co. 1846.

We wish we could applaud the temper and spirit of this book, as justly as we may the purpose which the poem was professedly written to serve. But its author, in attempting to effect his design by sneering at several religious sects, as sincere at least as himself, and who claim as consistently as he does—albeit, more modestly—a

standing within the pale of Christ's Church, has at once betrayed the extent and blindness of his own bigotry, and frustrated most signally, so far as his own efforts are concerned—happily, this is not of serious consequence—the consummation of a “Union of Christians,” which we desire, no less anxiously than he does, to see accomplished. If people are wrong, it is certainly not by taunting them with their errors, and sneering at their want of discernment, that they are to be set right; in matters of religion, as in secular matters, it is best to lead and not drive. This truth we repeat designedly, for, trite though it be, it would seem that this writer has not yet mastered it.

Of Mr. BROWN's fitness to advocate Christian Union, and the sinking of differences between sects on matters of form and prescribed discipline, the reader, without further comment from us, will be enabled to judge, when he has read the following passages. He thus alludes to the Church of Rome :

One Church there is, that dubs itself THE TRUE,
And woe betide you, if you whisper Pugh !
She stands, time immemorial, on a rock,
Which some n' head believe, and some block :
Into her creed no fickle change can creep—
Away she dreams in consecrated sleep,
Her altar, priesthood, offices the same,
As when she first began her guilty game ;
Few beams of science through her chancel play,
Her ground and painted glass excludes the day ;
The man that trusts his senses is an ass,
Hark ! the sleek priest is mumbling over the mass ;
That is not bread you touch, you tasteless tongue,
But flesh, from these mysterious accents flung ;
That is not wine you swallow, but real blood,
(There's food on which thy faith may chew the cud,)
Invoke the saints, their ears are doubtless long,
And hear at once, you need not speak so strong ;
The space from earth to paradise, (first floor,)
Easy to cross, as though they lived next door.

Here we break off, and turn next to Mr. BROWN's charitable picture of the Established Church :

Lo ! there Episcopacy struts supreme !
Rapt in her antique, apostolic dream ;
A bird of state, blessed with well feathered claws,
She crows o'er all conventional jackdaws,
Prompt to transfix, with talon-tests, and laws ;
A lordly ruff encompasses her neck,
With lazy lawn and luxury bedeck ;
Her monstrous maw with sinecures is stuffed,
Her pompous head with crown and mitre coifed ;
Crane-like, she looks but little to her toes,
The curates, though on them her reverence goes :
A cuckoo wight she shelters 'neath her wings,
That roundelay of Rome devoutly sings,
And fraudulently hatches in her nest
A brood that her authority contest :
Strange ! that with lips of holy things which speak,
Puseyites the pay of perjury should seek ;
Strange ! that their step-mother gives bed and board
To those who 'gainst her whet their traitor sword !

Our author next condescends to make a passing remark on the Scottish Kirk :

Hush ! from gruff Scotland breaks a furious bark !
What thus can make a Babel of the Ark ?
Oh !—twixt fast spiced as Siamese have split,
And at each other logically hit ;
“I am the Man,” cries one : “Tis false, not thou,
His mark the Beast hath branded on thy brow ;”
“Beast, or no Beast, none thee will deem divine,
For this established, disestablished whine,
Who has not heard of Pharaoh's hungry kine !”

We pass over the comments successively made upon the Wesleyans, Presbyterians, Socinians, and Quakers—we were sorely tempted to extract from the lines devoted to the last named—and give in all its force Mr. BROWN's picture of

THE INFIDEL.

See next the serpent Infidel crawl on,
Safe on a quicksand, buoyant on a stone ;

His filthy slime bedaub where'er he creeps,
His hissing tongue darts poison when he leaps ;
To him our Gospel Ark is but a log,
Flung forth from chaos, that convenient bog,
A vapoury dream, exhaling from the deep
Which soon must swath us in eternal sleep ;
Through truth obscure, or clear, or thick, or thin,
Crudely he crawls, vain of his shining skin ;
And when Death's waves o'erflow, will he be worse
Than those who caper on Hope's phantom horse ?
Not he ; in nothingness all melt away ;
Life's night, once set, knows no returning day !
Ah ! what if, dissolution ferried o'er,
He reach a sea without sun, star, or shore,
Of foaming ire, of retribution's brine,
Of whirlwind sighs, of tears incarnadine,
Serpent no more his suicidal soul,
But fiend—remorse-transfixed—must hideous howl,
True is his epitaph, deserved his woe ;
“Here lies the man, of man the felllest foe,
His breath was blasphemy, his hope a reed,
His life a crime, a paradox his creed,
His mind a monstrous sophism, his heart
The common sewer of hell's destructive dirt ;
He spurned his God, he cursed his Saviour's cross,
Here doomed he writhes, in deathless grave to toss.”

We had marked not a few instances of gross taste in the similes and sentiments of this short poem; we need not adduce them, for abundance is contained in the extracts above given to prove both the ill-judgment and uncharitable feelings of the author. One or two specimens we will offer :—

The cross, the rod that draws the lightning down,
And straight transmutes that lightning to a crown.

And again—
Yet, like a covey on September first,
(For ginger beer and blood when fowlers thirst,)
Our nervous Theologians pritch their ears,
And skim and circle round their fields of fears,
Starting, as frightened, if a boy's whip crack,
As if Joe Manton volleyed forth whack ! whack !

Although the avowed object of this poem be to facilitate and hasten the general union of Christians, the advocacy of this end is nowhere so visible as a fulsome flattery of the members of the Evangelical Alliance, to whom it is dedicated. The reader has only to read the following panegyric on some of the leaders of that assembly—to whose labours we heartily wish God speed!—to be disgusted with the author and his poem.

Union of Christians ! Lo ! the spell supreme,
Destined to wake the world's destructive dream !
This—Baxter, angel of troublous age,
Announced and pleaded in his earnest page ;
And this is now (thanks to expansive grace),
Set forth by men who lead the heavenward race ;
And Bickersteth and Stewart, with hopeful eye,
Point from their Bible to the peaceful sky ;
And James, within whose breast (ne'er ebbing) flows
The milk and honey tide of pure repose ;
And Bunting, paragon of head and heart,
Wisdom oracular, whose lips impart,
And Wardlaw, classic champion of the truth,
And King, in godly fact a veteran youth,
And Jordan, Innes, Young, Steane, Hamilton,
Harris, and Vaughan, Blackwood, Symington,
Cox, Byrth, Brown, Hargroves, Raffles, in their sphere,
Well-springs of truth, from prejudices clear,
And Cumming—but his crowded hearers know,
With what effect his easy periods flow ;
And Hill, of voice melodious still with love,
And Kyle, with wrongs not unobserved above,
The victim of a priest in station high,
Whose depot deeds his liberal words belie ;
And Henderson, from whose career we find
Riches and grace not always are disjoined ;
And Cunningham and Candish, gifted pair,
Dauntless to do, as eloquent to dare ;
And Smith and Noel, of high birth and blood,
Foremost to lead each enterprise of good :
These, and a host of master minds beside,
A holy peace to ratify decide !

Mr. MONTGOMERY and Dr. CHALMERS are next bespattered with the author's praise. But sure we are, that the strength of intellect which could raise any or all of the men here lauded to distinction as Christian pastors, will disclaim the intolerance, bigotry, and uncharitableness, which deform every page of this poem, and nauseate and reject with disdain the fulsome panegyric it lavishes upon them.

RELIGION.

Christian Sects in the Nineteenth Century. 8vo.
London, 1846. Pickering.
[SECOND NOTICE.]

The impressions that more powerfully than any other take hold on the mind of the reader of this book, are first of wonder that where the difference between Christian sects is substantially very small, being rarely on essentials but chiefly in matters of form and discipline—the hostility and jealousy with which they regard each other should be so great and implacable; and next of regret, that the great precept of CHRIST, afterwards so emphatically repeated by his Apostles, enjoining universal charity and brotherly love, should be so sinfully set at nought as it now is. Intolerance is an evil which even education, as popularly administered in this country, neither ameliorates nor removes. It may indeed be doubted, whether the modicum of education popularly obtained does not add to, rather than lessen, the asperity of this feeling; and whether the wholly unlearned are not more charitable in this respect than the classes above them. But this sin nevertheless has its origin in good—it is a virtue pushed too far. The very steadfastness of belief that their own is the *only* road to salvation makes men desire by all means, by persuasion, and even by the use of contumely and force, to convince, or shame, or compel others to embrace their creed, and thus secure an inheritance in heaven. Because of this, however, it is not the more venial; for we are required to watch vigilantly the action of the mind, and to scrutinize carefully every motive, even though it have what is tacitly presumed a virtuous original.

The remedy of this crying and wide-spread evil is in the hands of our pastors, and in those whose exemplar is looked up to by the masses. When they shall be more united, sinking minor differences, and working together earnestly and cheerfully for the advancement of CHRIST's kingdom, this grievance will dwindle proportionably, and the harmony and brotherly assistance of creeds and nations towards each other become as cordial as could be desired. One great movement in this direction is now happily going forward; and we think that in the Evangelical alliance recently established, and comprehending active members of various religions throughout Europe, we see a foreshadowing of a better state of things in time to come, and a closer union "in the bonds of peace and brotherly love," for all who hold that "JESUS is indeed the CHRIST."

Two more sketches from this book we have marked for extract: the first is of "The Plymouth Brethren"—a sect which has come into existence within a few years, and whose vigorous vitality and rapid growth surely demonstrate that it has much of truth to recommend it to the aspirations of man, and of whose peculiar tenets the public is generally yet unenlightened.

THE PLYMOUTH BRETHREN.

The Plymouth Brethren, so called probably from the place where this society first arose, do not allow themselves to be a sect, though in their practices they differ considerably from those of the Established-Church. They meet together on the morning of the first day of the week to celebrate the Lord's Supper, when any "Brother" is at liberty to speak for mutual edification. In the afternoon and evening, when they

have preachers, the services are similar to those in the Congregational Churches (Independents); the desk, however, for they condemn pulpits, is not occupied by one man, but used as a convenient place for speaking, being alternately occupied by the "Brother" who reads the hymn, the one who prays, and the one who teaches or preaches the Word. There are also "Meetings for Prayer," and what are technically called "reading meetings;" when a chapter is read, and those "Brethren" who have made it matter of reflection, speak upon it clause by clause for their mutual instruction. Before a person is acknowledged a "Brother," his name is announced at one of the times of "meeting together to break bread," as it is termed, and if nothing occurs in the interval, he takes his seat with them the next Sunday. Any one is admitted to their communion whom they believe to be "a child of God;" but they do not receive or acknowledge him as a brother, "while in actual connection with any of the various forms of worldliness," i.e. the other churches of Christ. Their preachers move about from place to place forming different congregations, which they again leave for other places where their services are required. None of their ministers receive any stipulated charity. The "Brethren" disapprove of any association of Christians for any purpose whatever, whether civil or religious, and therefore disown all Sunday school, Bible, missionary, or even purely benevolent, societies. They do not disapprove of sending either Bibles or missionaries to the heathen; but they say that if they go at all, "God, and not the Church, must send them." They do not think that the Gospel is to convert the world, but that it is to be "preached as a witness to" or rather against "all nations." The world, they say, "is reserved for judgment, and therefore it is wholly contrary to the character of a Christian to have any thing to do with it, or its government." When a child of God is born again, "he lays," say they, "all his worldly relations down at the feet of Christ, and he is at liberty to take up none but those which he can take up in the Lord." They neither pray for pardon of sin, nor for the presence and influence of the Spirit, and carefully exclude such petitions from their hymns. Many of them think it inconsistent with the Christian character to amass wealth, or to possess furniture or clothing more than is necessary for health and cleanliness; and very great sacrifices have been made by the more wealthy of them. These are most of them unimportant peculiarities; but the great feature of this sect—for so, notwithstanding their protest, I must call these "Brethren"—is a degree of self-approbation and uncharity for others, which, to say the least, is not what Christ taught. "No sect," says Rust, "is more sectarian, and none more separate from Christians of all denominations than 'The Plymouth Brethren.'" The Church of Rome they consider "bad." The Church of England "bad." A Popish priest and a parish priest, both bad; "but infinitely worse," says one of the Brethren (a Captain Hall), "is a people's preacher." They occasionally indulge in what they term "biting jests and sarcastic railing" of the ministers of our Church, and of those who differ from them, which evince but little of the meek and peaceable spirit of the Gospel; for, as Lord Bacon has well observed, "to intermix Scripture with scurrility in one sentence;—the majesty of religion and the contempt and deformity of things ridiculous,—is a thing far from the reverence of a devout Christian, and hardly becoming the honest regard of a sober man." If I have appeared to speak harshly of this sect, it is because they seem to me to have abandoned so much of the spirit of the Gospel. "If the tenets of the Plymouth Brethren be consistent with themselves," observes Mr. Rust, "they necessarily withdraw them from all society, and every existing form of Christianity, shutting them out from all co-operation with the holy and benevolent, for the relief and blessing of their poor or sinful fellow creatures, making it sinful to fulfil the duties of a subject, a citizen, &c." But I hope and believe that these tenets must be and are counteracted by the instinctive love of our kind, which for the benefit of the world God has implanted in man. The human race is so essentially social that they who endeavour to dissociate mankind, stand in much the same situation as he would do who should hope to dam up the ocean. It is in fact to these silent tendencies of human nature, whose force we never know till we attempt to check them, that we owe much of the innocuousness of false or over-

strained opinions: the reason is deluded, but the feelings which the Creator has made a part of our very being, generally correct the false argument; and the man, if not previously corrupted by vice, acts right though he argues wrong.

The last extract we offer is one of a sect, curious and interesting in no common degree, whose tenets, strange as it may seem, we know are favourably received among not a few of the intellectual in the metropolis.

THE SWEDENBORGANS.

The Swedenborgians take their name from Emmanuel Swedenborg, who was born in Stockholm in 1683. His father was Jasper Swedberg, bishop of West Gothland. He received his education chiefly in the University of Upsala; and in 1716 was appointed by Charles XII. Assessor of the Royal College of Sciences; he was ennobled by Queen Ulrica Eleonora, and received the name of Swedenborg. He published scientific works on various subjects, but in 1747 he resigned his office, in order, as he himself states, that he might be more at liberty to attend to that new function which he considered himself called to, and the rest of his life was spent in composing and publishing the voluminous works which contain his peculiar doctrines. He died in 1772. He was a man of blameless life and amiable deportment, and was distinguished for his attainments in mathematics and mechanics. His writings are so very obscure, that it is difficult to state what are the opinions contained in them; he taught, however, that by the New Jerusalem which came down from heaven, was intended a new church as to doctrine, and that he was the person to whom this doctrine was revealed, and who was appointed to make it known to the world. Swedenborg made no attempt to found a sect; but after his death, his followers, in 1788, formed themselves into a society under the denomination of "The New Jerusalem Church." They have several places of meeting, both in London and Manchester, and send delegates to a "General Conference," under whose direction a liturgy has been prepared, from which I shall make a few extracts to shew the peculiar doctrines of this sect. The following are some of the questions asked of the candidate for ordination, which is performed by imposition of hands, of course of a minister of their own communion:—

Min. Dost thou believe that Jehovah God is one both in essence and in person; in whom, nevertheless, is the Divine Trinity of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit; and that these are, his essential divinity, his divine humanity, and his divine proceeding, which are the three essentials of one God, answering to the soul, the body, and the operative energy, in man, and that the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ is that God?

Dost thou believe that by his temptations, the last of which was the passion of the cross, the Lord united, in his humanity, divine truth to divine good, or divine wisdom to divine love, and so returned into his divinity in which he was from eternity, together with, and in, his glorified humanity?

Dost thou believe that the sacred Scripture, or Word of God, is divine truth itself, and that it contains a spiritual and celestial sense, heretofore unknown, whence it is divinely inspired and holy in every syllable; as well as a literal sense, which is the basis and support of its spiritual and celestial sense?

Dost thou believe that the books which have the internal sense and are truly the Word of God are—the five books of Moses, Joshua, Judges, the two books of Samuel, the two books of Kings, the Psalms of David, the prophets, including the Lamentations of Jeremiah, the four Gospels, and the Revelation?

It is further stated in their eleventh article of faith, "That immediately after death, which is only a putting off of the material body, never to be resumed, man rises again in a spiritual or substantial body, in which he continues to live to eternity."

On these doctrines it may be observed, that the forms of worship founded on them are not such as Christ and his apostles ordered. The doxology is, "To Jesus Christ be glory and dominion for ever and ever;" the blessing, "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all." The prayers are addressed to the "blessed Lord Jesus." Whereas Christ, when he gave us a form of prayer, bade us address "our Father in heaven;" and bade us ask of the Father in his name; and the form of the apostolic doxology is, "To God

only wise be glory through Jesus Christ for ever;" and the blessing, "Grace be unto you and peace from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ." As at this time Christ had ascended from the earth, had the human nature been entirely merged in the divine, as this sect asserts, Paul the apostle would not have made this distinction, which implies that the Lord Jesus still existed somewhere in his human form as the everlasting visible temple of the invisible Father of all things, for "no man hath seen God at any time," says the beloved Apostle, and this is confirmed by Christ himself. If the man then be lost in the Deity, it follows that the Lord Jesus exists no more for us. I am aware that this consequence is denied by the sect, but it is self-evident proposition: for their creed runs thus, "I believe in one God in whom is a Divine Trinity, &c. and that this God is the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ who is Jehovah in a glorified human form." Now a human form must have some properties of matter; it must be visible, and circumscribed, or it is not form; and what is circumscribed and visible cannot be God, who, of necessity, is uncircumscribed, and therefore invisible. The infinite Eternal Omnipotent Deity must be where that glorified body is not; therefore, the Great Father of all things must always be the object of worship, through Jesus Christ, who is the visible image of his glory. The form of baptism is retained by this sect, though they assert that the rite was "constantly administered by the Apostles in the name of Christ alone;" an assertion contradicted by the whole testimony of antiquity from the earliest times; adding, "nevertheless it is well to use the express words of the Lord, when it is known and acknowledged in the church that the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit are not three separate persons but three Divine Essentials, constituting the single Divine Person of our Lord Jesus Christ." With regard to the "internal sense" of scripture, it is sufficient to observe that if "every syllable" were to be considered as inspired and holy, the long list of various readings would grievously shake our faith, though these are quite immaterial as to the general meaning. There are serious objections to the distinctive tenets of this sect, yet, in justice to them, it must be allowed that the unguarded language of some preachers does so split up the Deity into separate individuals as to make the doctrine so taught a complete tritheism, and that a serious mind returning to the express declaration of the scripture, that God is One, may be so far shocked by such unmeasured expressions, as to run into the extreme which I have condemned. Unitarianism on the one hand, and the doctrine of Swedenborg on the other, have equally sprung from a want of proper caution when speaking of the different manifestations of the Deity, and an unmeasured itch for the definition of things too far beyond the reach of our finite faculties to admit of any precision of terms. Words were formed for the things pertaining to earth; how then can they ever exactly express the nature of the Deity? Notwithstanding the faith professed by this sect, their teaching, nevertheless, returns to the doctrine of the Gospel. In a tract "on the true meaning of the intercession of Jesus Christ," published at Manchester by their own religious tract society, we have the following passage:—"The Humanity named Jesus is the medium whereby man may come to God, because the Father, heretofore invisible, is manifested and made visible and approachable in him. This is meant by our coming unto God by him;" and elsewhere, as we cannot obtain this "light of life" without following the Lord, and doing his will, as he did the will of the Father, agreeably to his own saying, "If ye keep my commandments, even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in his love;" so neither can we obtain that divine food by which our spiritual life is to be sustained, unless we labour for it, as the Lord himself instructed us when he said, 'Labour for the meat which endureth unto everlasting life;' and is it not of the greatest importance clearly to understand what this labour implies? Let the reader be assured that he must labour in that spiritual vineyard which the Lord desires to plant in his soul, in order that it may bear abundant fruits of righteousness to the glory of his heavenly father." Thus we see again that the fundamental doctrines of Christianity will find their way, however men may speculatively disclaim them. Why then do we differ outwardly, when at heart we agree?

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

Mores Catholicæ; or Ages of Faith. 8vo. Part XXII. 1846: C. Dolman.—The present part contains the history of "the Institutions of Mercy in Ages of Faith," among which will be found some extremely curious and often touching particulars relative to the founders of eleemosynary houses; the means which they provided for their support; also of the economy of these hospitals, and their suppression or destruction by the reformers.

The People's Journal. Edited by JOHN SAUNDERS. London: John Bennett.—The part for this month contains less attraction in the shape of engravings, and more in the letter-press than is common with this journal. The subjects of the former are, "Haydon's Dentatus"—an extravagant picture; "Reynolds's Infant Hercules;" a "Portrait of Father Matthew"; "The Scott Monument;" and, lastly, "Faust's First Sight of Margaret," by ARY SCHEFFER—a work of inexpressible beauty, full of sentiment and expression, and a masterpiece of composition. This has evidently been cut from the line engraving, a circumstance to be deprecated where imitation is attempted on wood. The literary portion of this part is unusually good. It embraces original articles by WILLIAM RICHARD, and MARY HOWITT; by R. H. HORNE; H. F. CHORLEY; HARRIET MARTINEAU; CALDER CAMPBELL, with several others, and is pleasingly varied in subject. We find room for a sonnet by "A Working Man," the utterance of natural and quiet sentiments, which would do honour to a more stately muse, and we the more gladly welcome it from so humble a source.

A FIRESIDE SONNET.
BY PATRICK ALEXANDER.

(*A Working Man.*)

The pleasant purring of my lonely fire
As of a creature pleased, to me this night,
Beloved of gentle thoughts, hath strange delight;
And as its voice and warmth do win me nigher,
Forth from my breast is gone all vain desire,
Which souls will cherish in their own despite,
Of fame, or meaner wealth, or worldly might;
And I have breath in humbler air, yet higher.
A world of household peace is in this sound,
A sound in many a home now sweetly heard,
Like intermitting warbling of a bird,
Between the shouts of the fair children round:
Let not in me so stern a heart be found,
But listening thus, it shall be gently stirred.

The Fortunes of Turloch O'Brien; a Tale of the Wars of King James. Dublin, James M'Glashan.—The sixth number of this tale carries on the action with unabated spirit. It contains several powerfully-drawn scenes, and the illustrations are of the happiest.

The Cabinet History of England. London, 1846. Charles Knight.—This useful and vigorously-compressed history has now reached its twentieth volume, which comprises the events of that momentous period in the reign of GEORGE the Third, extending from 1760 to 1789, inclusive.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Cairn: a Gathering of Precious Stones from many Hands. Small 4to. London, 1846. George Bell. THE design and construction of this entertaining book are so accurately and modestly stated, in a few sentences of the preface, by the fair compiler—who is the daughter of a distinguished military officer—that, in preference to stating them ourselves, we adopt her explanation:—"My *Cairn* is principally raised by the hands of many friends whose honoured names are now with the dead, whose kind sympathies have cheered my chequered existence, and whose intercourse has often corrected and

enlightened my mind, leading it to seek in occupation a refuge from painful feeling. These contributions, together with original thoughts of my own, I presume to offer to the public. * * * Several pages bear the record of memories associated with those dear to me, and of events long past. I presume to believe that the perusal of *The Cairn* cannot injure, and may not fruitlessly occupy or amuse, an idle hour."

What the compiler has here ventured to hope, we can assure her she has more than accomplished, for there are few indeed so well read that they will not find in these pages many things new to them, and here and there something which, if they have met before, is, for beauty of thought or truth strikingly expressed, worthy of being read a second time; while to the multitude the majority of these interesting extracts will possess all the charms of an inviting originality. The fair compiler has rifled the stores of ancients as well as moderns, and collected from them the wisest and wittiest of the short passages which she found available, being didactic or descriptive, reflective, monitory, or anecdotal by turns, as suits her inclination. The only objection we have to make is against the omission by the compiler to make acknowledgment of the sources whence she has borrowed; a circumstance which, as some original matter is introduced, perplexes the reader, and leaves him in doubt how to identify it, while at the same time it deprives the authoress whose works have been laid under contribution to *The Cairn*, of the merit and distinction to which they are in justice entitled. On the other hand, the selection has been made with judgment, and evinces on the part of the compiler an extensive acquaintance with the ancient, mediæval, and modern authors, and a happy discrimination of their beauties. Space for extract we cannot afford, though we could have wished to have given some very interesting and, to us, new particulars in the life of TITAN.

The book, like all, in fact, published by MR. BELL, is got up in perfect taste; and so varied, instructive, and amusing are its contents, that we unhesitatingly recommend it as a refreshing miscellany for the library or the drawing-room table.

The Sportsman's Directory, and Park and Gamekeeper's Companion, &c. &c. By JOHN MAYER. 8vo. London, 1846. Simpkin and Marshall.

THE fact that in a very few years this book has passed through no less than seven editions, is the most conclusive evidence that can be offered as an assurance that this comprehensive, and, in fact, complete little book has very fully answered the requirements of the gamekeeper and sportsman. We, too, can testify, from much experience, to the utility of the remarks and the soundness of the advice here offered on all matters appertaining to guns, dogs, beating for game, and shooting, and have no doubt that the instructions for breeding and preserving game, for destroying vermin, &c. are equally judicious and serviceable. This is a book which, though the price be small, contains as much information, nay more, than most on this subject of larger size and heavier cost that we have examined, and we therefore, on the score of cheapness and completeness, recommend it in preference to any other we know of.

Key on the Education of the Poor.

[CONCLUDING NOTICE.]

IN the German States education is widely spread. In Saxony, one in five of the entire population is at school. No particular system of religion is taught. This is left to the parents and clergy, so that all sects frequent the same schools, and live in perfect harmony. These results, in one of the states, are most gratifying.

In Bavaria, the beneficial consequences resulting from the establishment of a system of national education have been more signal than in any other European country. Half a century ago, the Bavarians were the most ignorant, debauched, and slovenly people between the Gulf of Genoa and the Baltic. (For proofs of what is now stated, see "Riesbeck's Travels in Germany," Vol. I. chap. xi. &c.) That they are at present patterns of morality, intelligence, and cleanliness, it would be going too far to affirm; but we are bold to say that no people has ever made a more rapid advancement in the career of civilization than they have made during the last thirty years.

In Holland education has received equal attention. There is scarcely a child of ten years old, of sound intellect, who cannot both read and write, the expense of teaching the poor being defrayed by the State without the inculcation of any particular creed. The results are thus stated by Mr. NICHOLLS, in his report:—

Nothing can exceed the cleanliness, the personal propriety, and the apparent comfort of the people of Holland. I did not see a house or fence out of repair, or a garden that was not carefully cultivated. We met no ragged or dirty persons, nor any drunken man; neither did I see any indication that drunkenness is the vice of any portion of the people. I was assured that bastardy was almost unknown; and, although we were, during all hours in the day much in the public thoroughfares, we saw only two beggars, and they in manners and appearance scarcely came within the designation. The Dutch people appear to be strongly attached to their government, and few countries possess a population in which the domestic and social duties are discharged with such constancy. A scrupulous economy and cautious foresight seem to be the characteristic virtues of every class. To spend their full annual income is accounted a species of crime. The same systematic prudence pervades every part of the community, agricultural and commercial, and thus the Dutch people are enabled to bear up against the most formidable physical difficulties, and to secure a larger amount of individual comfort than probably exists in any other country."

The system of education differs little from those we have described, and therefore it will be unnecessary to repeat it. Education there is not compulsory, as in Germany, but the people know its value, and eagerly embrace it. The religious difficulty is thus conquered there:—

The law of 1806 proclaims, as the great end of all instruction, the exercise of all the social and Christian virtues. In this respect it agrees with the law of Prussia and France, but it differs from these countries in the way by which it attempts to attain this end. In France and all the German countries the schools are the auxiliaries, so to speak, of the churches. For, whilst the schools are open to all sects, yet the master is a man trained up in the particular doctrines of the majority of his pupils, and required to teach those doctrines during certain hours, the children, who differ from him in religious belief, being permitted to absent themselves from the religious lessons, on condition that their parents provide elsewhere for their religious instruction. But in Holland the masters are required to give religious instruction to all the children, and to avoid most carefully touching on any of the grounds of controversy between the different sects.

The remainder of the volume is devoted to an elaborate review of the present state of primary education in England and Wales, and to suggestions of the way in which the difficulties may be overcome that have hitherto impeded the establishment of a great scheme of national education in this country. Into this part of his valuable labours we will not attempt to follow Mr. KAY. The subject is too vast to be treated as it deserves within the compass of a weekly literary journal. Besides, it is probable that the question will soon come before the public in a practical form. It is foremost in the programme of the new government, and in carrying it out, provided it be based in equity, and do not violate any principle of religious liberty, it will have the support of the reflective and

the philanthropic, without distinction of party or sect. Great difficulties impede any project, and violent opposition will be given even to the best. But confidence in the force of right, and an appeal to the good sense of the British people, who, as a free people, can never carry any great measures without something in the nature of a compromise, will, we hope and believe, in the end, prove triumphant, and our age will have to add to its other moral victories and scientific improvements the greatest of all—a national education for the whole people. And, as a humble contribution to this end, we give additional circulation to the energetic appeal with which Mr. KAY closes the volume, for which he is entitled to, and doubtless will receive, the thanks of the community, to whose service he has so strenuously devoted himself.

I hope, however valueless the observations I have made may be, that they will at least lead some to reflect on the rapidly unfolding of the democratic tendency of the times and the imperative necessity of providing beforehand for it. I would ask them to regard Europe, where nothing at all similar to our social condition exists, and to ask themselves, why it is that Prussia, Germany, France, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Switzerland, and even Austria, have judged it absolutely necessary to consider this great question so seriously; and then I would beg them to turn their gaze on our own land and to ask themselves whether it can be really true that with our social symptoms we are really so miserably provided with educational means as the reports of Government would have us believe? Alas! it is only too true. Here with our vast accumulated masses; with a population increasing by 1,000 per diem; with an expenditure on abject pauperism, which in these days of our prosperity amounts to 5,000,000/- per annum; with a terrible deficiency in the numbers of our churches and of our clergy; with the most demoralizing publications spread through the cottages of our operatives; with democratic ideas of the wildest kinds, and a knowledge of the power of union daily gaining ground among them;—here, too, where the poor have no stake whatever in the country; where there are no small properties; where the most frightful discrepancy exists between the richer and the poorer classes; where the poor fancy they have nothing to lose and every thing to gain from a revolution; here, too, where we are on the point of offering a still greater stimulus to our population, by extending and steadyng the base of our commercial greatness; here, too, where the operatives have no religion and no God, and where the national religion is one utterly unfit to attract an uneducated people; and here, too, where our very freedom is a danger, unless the people are taught to use and not to abuse it; yes, here, in such a country as this, where the aristocracy is richer and more powerful than that of any other country in the world, the poor are more depressed, more pauperised, more numerous in comparison to the other classes, more irreligious, and very much worse educated than the poor of any other European nation, solely excepting uncivilised Russia and Turkey, enslaved Italy, misgoverned Portugal, and revolutionised Spain. Such a state of things cannot long continue.

JOURNAL OF GERMAN LITERATURE.

Reise im Europäischen Russland in den Jahren 1840 und 1841. Von J. H. BLASIUS. Zwei Bände. Braunschweig, Westermann.

Travels in European Russia during the years 1840 and 1841. By J. H. BLASIUS, &c.

TRAVELS in European Russia are by no means numerous, chiefly, we imagine, because neither the country nor its inhabitants are of a nature greatly to interest pleasure seekers. Tourists generally turn in disgust from Russia; it would seem, as if the mere sight of the double eagle, guarding the boundary, were enough to foretell that one step further would not be desirable. They content themselves, therefore, with St. Petersburg, or at the utmost take a glance at Moscow, and that without looking right or left, then flatter them-

selves that they have examined the empire, and are qualified to give an opinion upon any part of it. Nothing but scientific pursuits, or an official aim, can carry a stranger into the inner life of Russia. Those who travel for amusement must of course keep far from regions where the charms of picturesque landscape and genial climate are wholly wanting, where, for hundreds of miles, no change offers itself to the eye, where, indeed, strangers of any kind are hardly welcome, and where all will of their own must be completely laid aside. Merchants and men of business seldom write their travels. The general class of tourists, among whom, without injustice, we may rank the Marquis CUSTINE, direct their attention to what has already attracted notice, run through the principal towns for the purpose of saying something brilliant, and end by expressing themselves with tolerable freedom on the evident indefatigability of that most secret and mysterious of all governments, the Russian, on the superficial manifestations of middle-class life, on the style of travelling and its inconveniences, on the sufferings endured by strangers among such an unclean people, and on the tyranny of such a large and demoralised body of officials. Among writers of this class, there are few indeed who praise or admire what they speak of, and when one comes to know the real nature of things, we perceive they are not to be depended upon. There is also a very evident spirit of bitterness pervading the greater number of these writings, which has the effect of awakening the suspicions of the reflective reader, and eventually destroying his faith altogether. Under such circumstances we must estimate it as a benefit when any one can be induced to undertake the fulfilment of what has been so long neglected. A German and an investigator of nature—this title the travelled KORN, clever and sound though he be, can hardly claim—has penetrated into the provinces of Russia, and commenced his examination precisely at that point where the common order of tourists invariably cease. We will not here discuss how far the old observation may be founded in truth, which ascribes to the French the power of seizing upon the manifestations of civilized life and external cultivation, and gives to the English the peculiar capacity of judging of the political development and the government of other nations; we will merely add, that the German again seems to offer another type of the intellectual traveller, in the logical construction of his observations into one complete whole, and the just views he takes of the relation between the nature of a country and the character of its inhabitants. We may almost assume that this thoughtful estimate of the nature of the land and its people is peculiar to the Germans, and is likely to remain only with them, inasmuch as it is too characteristic ever to be successfully adopted by other nations. The greater part of travels in the present day consists of that class for which we ourselves have found the name of Tourist Literature; and it is difficult to say which renders them most heavy and unreadable, the careless indifferent form of the Diary, which seems to be adopted only because it indemnifies all after labour and reflection; the unceasing repetition of the same facts and remarks; or that very objectionable habit of estimating meanly all things which are not strictly referable to self.

It seems that the Minister of Finance, CANERIN, judged fit to send a scientific deputation into the northern and central provinces of European Russia, with a view of examining how far the nature of the country might aid the plans in progress relative to the application of manufacturing industry. Baron A. V. MEZENDORFF, two Russians but little known,—BLASIUS, and Count KEYSERLING (with whom we have been previously acquainted from his joint labours with BLASIUS), formed the travelling party, to which for some little period our countryman MURCHISON united himself. From Lubeck

BLASIUS hastened, in the June of 1840, to Petersburg, but, after a few days, hurried on to the interior, to free himself from the disagreeable impressions made upon him by the granite palaces with their marshy soil, the many repulsive features of the place, and its world of officials. The object of the first part of their journey was Moscow, which was attained, not by the beaten road, but by a very circuitous route. Great as the distance is, the journey offers but little variety, and that only discernible by the inquiring and practised eye. The unlearned may travel from St. Petersburg to the very borders of Siberia without perceiving any change that strikes the eye; consequently he finds the interior of Russia singularly wearisome. Even the naturalist may pass over one or two hundred miles in the same direction without discovering one trace of variety in the formation of the ground, in the botanical, or in the animal world. It has before been remarked, that on the northern side of the Harz mountains one mile of surface presents greater geographical changes, compressed together, than are to be met with on the almost interminable road from Odessa to Archangel; and from the foot of the Harz to the summit of the Brocken, the vegetable world manifests greater varieties than are to be seen between the border of the Steppes and the Arctic Sea. In no other part of the world does nature offer such monotony in her forms, or manifest these on so gigantic a scale as in Russia. It is, indeed, characteristic of the north, that the features of nature are usually grand in their extension; while the south, richer in forms, but less stupendous in bulk, gives us the impression of manifold diversity. One instance of this is sufficient. The government of Wologda contains about thirty million hectares of crown forest-land—thus, about fifty times the amount of forest in the whole French territory; nevertheless, these immense forests consist but of two kinds of trees, the pine and the fir. The rest of the animal and vegetable world is equally poor in the variety of its forms, though absolutely oppressive in its masses. The short summer on the shores of the Ladoga lake gives birth but to few kinds of insects, but those appear in such swarms that they literally darken the air, and are the most frightful torment to travellers. It is as if nature in the north was reduced, through poverty of ideas, to perpetual repetition of the same. The naturalist is discontented with this want of variety, while the very repetition produces upon other observers a deep, though certainly not an enlivening, impression. In especial is European Russia wanting in the attractions of landscape; there are, indeed, mountains and valleys, that is to say, hills rising to a height of 800 feet, but the ascent is wearisome, and cannot be said to repay the trouble; nothing like picturesque effects can be discovered. The surface of the lakes Ladoga and Onega, and the great rivers, form the only change in the uniform landscape; in themselves they offer but little beauty, seeing that their shores either extend in broad, flat surfaces, in marshy swamps, running into the forest covered country, or rise abruptly in steep sand walls. Here and there, where the banks are high and rough, they consist of the old red sand stone, which, among all kinds of rock, must be said to afford the least picturesqueness of outline. The coal formations, more to the south, have little to do with the general aspect of the country, except in so far as they exist in connection with a fruitful soil, and a more vigorous and powerful vegetation. Viewed from the higher hills, the immense plains of the northern provinces have frightful, almost repulsive effect; covered with trackless forests of the pine and fir, to the extreme point of the horizon, and only broken here and there by the glittering surface of the lakes, or the wide extending marshes, where nothing but stunted shrubs struggle out their existence. Of man and his works, little or nothing is here to be discovered; the

poverty of the soil invites but little attention, and such efforts as have been made are too detached and insignificant to produce at a distance any change in the heavy monotony of these endless pine-woods. Only those little towns and villages retain their situation which have been established by government order, on the high roads. In the north of European Russia, man appears in no way harmonious with surrounding nature; he bears more the character of a half nomade, in perpetual contest with his mother earth, and gaining little or nothing by the struggle. If one considers but for a moment how poverty of soil and roughness of climate have combined to render these immense plains thoroughly uninhabitable, and how the animal world, impelled by their effects to their periodical wandering, hasten away, when the short summer has once passed, to find shelter in the south, one must, indeed, feel compassion for those wretched beings who may not follow in their track, but must for ever remain there, where assuredly their natural dwelling place is not.

More towards the south the land gains a little in its capabilities for habitation, for, although enough yet remains which necessity alone would endure, a certain sort of farming is carried on with an eye to the results. The apparently endless pine forests, which for many and many a day have been the only prospect of the travellers, and perpetually enclosing him, have given rise to a sensation of imprisonment from which there was no escape, here gradually disappear from the sight. The greener and more lively looking fir takes the place of the dark pine, and by the intermixture of leaved trees, the woods beside the rivers assume a more civilized and habitable aspect. It is here that the birch woods become such a striking characteristic of the scenery of the north. The slender stems, dazzlingly white, are so closely pressed together that at a distance of fifty paces the view is quite bounded by them. The beautiful straight stem rises uninterrupted to a height of sixty feet, and bears above the airy graceful branches, hanging like a crown. The ceaseless rustling of the aspen, which mingles with the birch, gives animation to what would otherwise be almost death-like silence; from the prominence of the birch tree in his vegetable world, it is easy to conceive how the Russian regards it as his national possession, flourishing as it does from the centre of European Russia to the eastern extremities of Siberia.

Notwithstanding this forest wealth, it is remarkable that in the neighbourhood of the great cities there is felt a total want of wood. No where in the north is the destruction of the forests carried on with such a total disregard of results as in Russia. A certain portion of wood is felled, the following year it is sown with rye, for a couple of years longer it serves its purpose; then the land, exhausted for want of manure, is left to itself, and the same process is repeated. Within the last few years, indeed, it has been interdicted, but without much positive hindrance being the result, beyond that of compelling the inhabitants of these northern provinces to establish themselves more completely, and to exhibit a little more of order in their agricultural undertakings. It is only in the neighbourhood of the oldest towns that agriculture becomes a matter of any consideration. There, the fields are enclosed with hedges of freshly hewn trees, to keep out the cattle, which wander at will in the surrounding woods. At the least distance from the establishment, every thing will be found wild and desolate, mostly covered with wood, consisting partly of old and thick trees, partly of a rugged undergrowth, all alike dreary and desolate. An open situation, as dwelling place, is only to be discovered near the rivers, and beside the high road, where it has been made matter of compulsion. What this part of Russia owns in the way of shrubs and wild flowers, is only to be seen in places of this kind, or in the meadows which

mark the vicinity of man. Every one is aware of the duration of a Russian winter. It lags so long and so heavily upon the suffering earth, that in summer nature and man must alike hasten to reach their goal. To this is owing the rapid development of all things in the long-retarded spring, the progression of nature in a few weeks, to what takes here the space of as many months. Vegetation follows in the meadows so very rapidly, that the summer flowers have scarcely bloomed before the autumn buds appear. The long pent up vigour exhausts itself in a few days, that the fruits may be ready before the cold of autumn stifles all things once more. Even in the middle of August their few fruits are ripe, while the birch loses its leaves, and retains only the graceful crown, which is long green and fresh. At the very utmost the summer lasts but three months. Nature endeavours in some little way to compensate for the desolation of all other vegetation, by the abundance of evergreen pine and fir. The natural observer cannot but admire how every animal seizes with delight upon a sunny morning, should such an one break through the grey autumn, and sets aside all preparations for its long sleep, while the wild rose seems hastening to open her last buds to the sun light, or decks herself with new life, as if anxious to use up all the strength within her, knowing it must soon lie dead and dull. But all efforts to continue in vigour are unavailing; the winter comes on with quick harsh strides, covering the country with its icy chains, and all this at a time of year which we regard as the most mild and beautiful.

The summer in such regions can have but few charms for strangers, although to those who have endured the miserable winter of eight months' duration it seems to compensate for all else. The country is too solitary and uniform to work any enlivening or inspiring effect; on the contrary, the impression it leaves is one of melancholy at the sight of nature, in such discord with man, that it never aids or assists him in any way. The almost unbroken light of day during the northern summer works also a relaxing effect. After an oppressively warm day follows a sultry night, and this without any refreshing darkness, but only a short twilight. Objects, both far and near, are seen with perfect distinctness, but give the effect of being regarded through a veil of crape. The heavens in the north and northwest glow in the light of the setting sun, until the east brings him forth again. There is a very peculiar impression caused by the total absence of shadow, at least to the stranger; it is difficult for him to sleep, and at length he falls into a sort of apathy, when he is only conscious of a longing for darkness. The first nights in a northern summer are attractive from their novelty, but the superabundance of light, and the absence of periodical feeling, which the commencement and close of daily activity necessarily engenders produce relaxing and disagreeable sensations in the physical system.

In the latitude of Moscow, the natural character of the country undergoes considerable changes. The signs of transition at least are clearly marked. The firs disappear entirely, and other trees take their place. The oak and some of our common trees betoken a milder climate, which of course acts upon the inhabitants, and we see, consequently, another system of cultivating the ground, a more considerate and careful use of the soil. The northern governments are almost wholly inhabited by Finns, or rather by a race evidently of Finnish origin, with Russian language and manners. The genuine Russians or Muscovites are here but as colonists who have gradually made themselves masters of the government. Fishing and hunting are the principal occupations of the dwellers in these districts, rich in lakes, rivers, and woods, but by far the greater part of the country is uninhabited. In the centre or around Mos-

cow, manurable land is interspersed with forest; apple and pear-trees are here cultivated, though certainly not with much success. Agriculture becomes now the chief business of the people living in these flat plains, while in the large towns various manufactures are in active exercise. The increase of population and the cultivation of the soil naturally work upon the animal kingdom, consequently hunting would be insufficient to sustain life, as it is more in the north, only the fish of the large rivers supply the food of those living on their banks.

The third and more southern region touches immediately upon the Steppes. It is marked by wild apple and pear trees, scattered thinly here and there, by a total absence of forest land, such vegetation as there is flourishing only in the marshy grounds or the depths of the valleys; the climate is so mild, that melons and water-melons grow in the open air, and the vine is seen in many directions. The fertility of the soil is very great. The chief pursuits are farming and pasturing; the inhabitants themselves are sprung from the genuine Moskowites, that is to say, all other sources are small as compared to this one great original. Long since only occupied by nomades, this part of European Russia has, by dint of the exertions of government, at length acquired a large and settled population, though the resignation of their wandering habits has only been the result of urgent necessity and iron force.

At the extreme south extends the region of the Steppes, which is much better known among us than the dark land of forest to the north of Moscow; and this was the bounding point of our travelling expedition. The nomade alone can feel at home here; even the scientific traveller must eventually lose all interest in this wearisome uniformity and repetition of the same forms. The inner districts of this Steppe country are, of course, very unfruitful, and so devoid of all moisture, that only those plants can grow which bury their roots far into the soil. The solitude of the desert hangs over these immense and uniform plains; at the first, novelty lends some excitement to the scene; but before long the effect is almost harrowing; you pass over miles and miles without meeting with one object to attract the attention or interest the fancy. In this void and desolation the only change, and that is visibly anticipated for hours previously, lies in the wandering herds which are occasionally met with. They do not, however, signify the neighbourhood of man, so long anxiously desired; for in all weathers they wander about under the guidance of a few shepherds, and only approach the villages as the winter comes on. The traveller is borne away on untiring horses for miles and miles, without discovering one trace of change in the horizon that bounds his view; ere long he hails with delight the sight of a few miserable huts, or the hilly graves surmounted by a simple cross, from time immemorial the burial places of the dwellers in the Steppes; for these signify the vicinity of a village which, however wretched and dirty, becomes now a haven of rest. The lot of these people is not, indeed, to be envied; it would, perhaps, be but little worse than the inhabitants of the northern and central provinces, were not the burdens imposed by government, and the owners of the land, beyond everything intolerable. The climate is not favourable. In the short spring the Steppes are indeed clothed with a vivid green, but this is speedily dried up beneath the burning sun rays of the cloudless and rainless summer. The autumn brings impenetrable fogs, the winter intense cold and snow storms. Nature and the habits of these people are so simple, that every thing beyond mere physical development is out of the question, and the educated stranger soon feels that there is not here one thought or feeling in common with his own. They are indeed contented, for they are unconscious of the chains which nature and circumstances

have alike bound around them. They love their country, although it affords them but little; their lives pass away without an emotion—without hope or fear, without joy or suffering, almost without a distinction between past and future.

To describe Russia under other natural points of view is now scarcely necessary. Careful and cautious as a writer may be, he will assuredly displease one party or another. In Germany this particularly applies, where much has been already done to excite sentiments which can never end in good. For those who care but little for political and diplomatic squabbles, even with the piquant sauce of anecdote, in comparison with a judicious examination into the character and state of a people, the work of *BLASIUS* is admirably adapted.

We cannot here enter more fully into the opinions of the writer; they could but be weakened by partial representation; but we may state that he does not incline towards thinking the mass of the Russians so thoroughly depraved as it has been reported by late authorities. Only there where the yoke of three hundred years has pressed heavily on the people, as in the central provinces, can they be pronounced as really demoralised. In spite of their long slavery, even there they retain traces of character which might be desired by many a western nation. Few people of Europe could have borne such a yoke with so little change. Imitation is a dangerous trait in their disposition, and brings them into many an unpleasant disaster. The greatest evil of their present condition is, as has been before remarked, traceable to the official hierarchy, which, since the days of PETER the Great, has spread itself over the whole nation. It has so grown with the government, that its destruction seems almost impossible without a total overthrow of that fabric itself. The tone of bitterness and disappointment visible in many late works on Russia, to which we referred above, are for the most part to be laid to the account of the acting officials, and by no means to that of the people themselves.

JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

Michelet's History of France.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 264.)

How many lonely nights of prayer, meditation, and heart-sick doubt the kindly Louis spent in Egypt, Syria, and France, considering, with full eyes and damp brow, how he might cure the evil, he was conscious of, not even the faithful Joinville can reveal to us; they will be numbered in the last day, at the footstool of the Great King. All that we learn is this, that in 1260, not arbitrarily, but as before, by advice and consent of a parliament or council, he forbade peremptorily all use of the "battles of justice" within his own feudal domains, ordaining in their place proof by witnesses. Especially he forbade the battles between a party to the trial and his judge, which in those old feudal times of force served instead of writs of error and bills of exceptions; and in room thereof, he ordered an appeal or reference of the whole proceedings to the king's own tribunal. These two steps,—the substitution of witnesses in place of an appeal to God by battle between parties, and the creation of an appeal to himself, when either party was dissatisfied with his judge, instead of another call to heaven,—these two steps, although for the time confined to his own domains, did more to destroy that form of organized barbarism which we call feudalism, than all the contests and victories of Louis the Fat and Philip Augustus. Any baron with a bull's or boar's head could guess who was victor in a listed field; but when he was set down to read papers (leaving out of view the probability that he could not read at all, and must employ a scribe or lawyer to read for him),—when, we say, this Front-de-

beau was set down to read documents, weigh evidence, split hairs, and logically work out conclusions, his patience could nowise bear the trial, and he was glad enough, like the worthy Mr. Nupkins in *Pickwick*, to refer the whole matter to a Mr. Jinks, a legislist, a lawyer, an antibaron, who strove week by week and hour by hour to effect the great work of modern days,—the subordination of physical, brute force to intellectual, human acumen. Will the hour ever come, when both these shall yield to the power of divine goodness?

Nor was the appeal to the king's court less important than the use of testimony in place of swords and lances. It did, indeed, far more than any thing else to increase the power of the throne, and especially its moral power, its position in the eyes of mankind. We say, more than any thing else; but in this we regard the right to declare a case to be a "royal case" as a form of appeal. There had been for some reigns back a growing disposition to refer certain questions to the king's tribunals, as being regal, not baronial, questions. Louis the Ninth gave to this disposition distinct form and value, and, under the influence of the baron-hating legists, he so ordained, in conformity with the Roman law, that, under given circumstances, almost any case might be referred to his tribunal. This, of course, gave to the king's judgment-seat and to him more of influence than any other step ever taken had done. It was, in substance, an appeal of the people from the nobles to the king, and it threw at once the balance of power into the royal hands.

And how did he use this power? Less like a king than a father. Under the oak-trees at Vincennes behold him sitting,—his learned counsellors, Pierre de Fontaines and Geoffroy de Vellettes, near by,—waiting rather to arbitrate than judge between those who came to his tribunal. How patiently he listens! How anxiously he examines all proofs! How kindly he points out the middle way, overlooked by both disputants, which will conduct to justice! Can we still wonder that such a man, in such times, was soon to become a saint in the estimation of men? But neither he, nor any other mortal, could perform the whole duty required; and it became necessary to make the occasional sitting of the king's council or parliament, which exercised certain judicial functions, permanent; and to change its composition, by diminishing the feudal and increasing the legal or legist element. Thus everywhere, in the barons' courts, the king's court, and the central parliament, the Roman, legal, organized element began to predominate over the German, feudal, barbaric tendencies, and the foundation-stones of modern society were laid.

But the just soul of Louis and the prejudices of his Romanized counsellors were not arrayed against the old Teutonic barbarism alone, with its endless private wars and judicial duels; they stood equally opposed to the extravagant claims of the Roman hierarchy. Rome had commenced the work of uniting Christendom; had laboured, and effectually, against the democracy of nobles, the feudal system; the crusades were the fruit, as chivalry was the flower, of the union between the German element and the church. But in destroying in some respect feudal disintegration, Rome had left it in other respects untouched; her strength lay in the disagreements of kings and nobles; and where she produced union, it was always in subjection, not to Christianity, but to the Western church. The great plans of Hildebrand hinged upon the ultimate omnipotence on earth of the see of St. Peter; all temporal power must bow to spiritual, and at the head of all spiritual powers in this world was the successor of the great Apostle of the keys. Against this first form of modern unity there had been struggles numberless—one familiar to all English readers in the contest of Henry Plantagenet and Thomas à Becket;—but the first calm, deliberate, consistent opposition to the centralizing power of the

great see was that offered by its truest friend and most honest ally, Louis of France. From 1260 to 1268, step by step was taken by the defender of the liberties of the Gallican church, until, in the year last named, he published his "Pragmatic Sanction," his response, by advice of his wise men, to the voice of the nation, the Magna Charta of the freedom of the church of France, upon whose vague articles the champions of that freedom could write commentaries, and found claims, innumerable. The provisions of this charter are nowise remarkable; the fifth protects France to some extent against the exactions of Rome; but otherwise there was nothing in the Pragmatic Sanction of 1268 which the popes had not time and again countenanced. And yet this ordinance of Louis has been the sheet anchor of that Gallic independence in ecclesiastical matters which, we suspect, will yet shake off Papacy for Catholicism, and demonstrate that there may be a church free, on the one hand, from sectarianism, on the other, from despotism.

But the legislation of Louis did not stop with antagonism to the feudal system and to the unauthorized claims of the church; it provided for another great grievance of the Middle Age, that lying and unequal system of coinage which was a poison to honest industry and commercial intercourse. Eighty barons struck money as they pleased, and changed their coinage as the fit took them, or interest prompted. In each barony that coin only was current which the lord had his clipping from. And as alterations of the money were of incalculable evil, and the subjects of each coiner prayed for permanence in the value of each class of pieces, the lords wisely—as the world goes—took pay from the sufferers as a bribe not to vary the standard, and then—in the same spirit of wisdom—varied it as they pleased, and sweated their pounds very nearly to ounces. These things, evil and unjust, did not escape the eye of our conscientious king. As early as 1247, he began his changes by shutting out foreign coin, and making the royal coin everywhere receivable, and everywhere the standard. Having once assumed this ground, he had only to preserve the king's coin at one unvaried value, and all others were forced to bring their moneys to the same value, or they were driven from the market. By these simple means did the good monarch and his long-headed advisers—a sound heart working by a hundred keen wits—cause, for a time at least, uniformity where had been diversity, make it for the interest of the knavish to become honest, and ultimately secure the general prevalence of the issue from the regal mint, as men found that it never changed, while the baronial money-moulders were for ever striving to overreach their neighbour burghers and the thick-headed Flemish merchants. The old gospel had been, as we have said, "Might makes right;" the new commercial glad tidings were fast growing in favour,—the saying, that "Honesty is the best policy." Through thick world-vapours the sun of Christianity comes slowly up.

But among the laws of Louis bearing upon commercial interests were many which would not suit our liberal, free-thinking, free-trade age. His first reforms included, as we have seen, provisions against the Jews; and in after days, Christian Jews as well, Lombards and others, came under his condemnation. Why? Partly because of the old Jewish provision against usury; partly because Aristotle and the philosophy of the Middle Age forbade the fertility of money; and partly, also, because, in the days of St. Louis, money was not so used by most of those who paid usury as to make it a fair subject of usury. The Jews and Lombards, when money first took its modern omnipotent position, and could no longer be come at by the strong hand, were mostly usurers in the worst sense, and wrung "the forfeit of the bond," though it were the pound of flesh, from

the panting, dying debtor, who had at first borrowed but as a means of staving off some earlier leech, some other Shylock.

However, while the feeling of our day will and must protest against Louis's strong provisions in opposition to usury, it is entitled to record its vote in favour of the general tendency of his commercial regulations. They were calculated to raise the trading, and ultimately the labouring classes, to their true position in the eyes of the public; they were incomplete, perhaps evil; but surely they were a step beyond the old iron feudalism; and if our age be, as we claim, in advance of the Middle Age, then was the legislation of St. Louis superior to that of his predecessors. Philip Augustus had done much to break down the baronial power; but in doing this, he warred as chief of the barons, and nothing that he did was calculated any more to abolish the woes and wrongs of feudalism than the subjection of the barons of conquered England by William the Victor and Henry Plantagenet. Louis, on the other hand, unconsciously, through sheer love of right, and aided, urged on, guided, by those who had whetted their intellects on the Pandects, and the history of Roman despotism, sapped the foundations of Teutonic law and Papal unity—two things which he revered—and laid the basis of modern despotism—a thing he dreamt not of, and would have hated. England was saved from this eddy of absolutism against individualism, partly by the strong hold which the early Norman monarchs had over the nobles in the midst of a conquered but unquiet people, and partly by the formation of a middle, Cedric-the-Saxon class, which were neither Robin Hood outlaws, and so short-lived, nor easy Athelstanes, with bull-necks bowed for the yoke. England withstood the transition from feudal lawlessness to modern, industrial law, by the power of her country gentry, and their offspring in the cities and boroughs—all of good substantial German make; France—impulsive, mercurial, Celtic, Romanized France—gave up Teuton barbaric freedom, and put on the straight-jacket of revived imperial rule, as easily as her Gallic ancestors had bent to the sword of Caesar. Rome conquered Gaul, but never Germany; the lawyers of the time of Louis the Ninth—the spiritual progeny of ancient Rome—reconquered the dwellers in the Gallic provinces, but were repulsed by the tough Teutonic Hampdens and Cromwells of the isle of Hengist and Horsa.

And now the great work of Louis was completed; the barons were conquered, the people protected, quiet prevailed through the kingdom, the national church was secured in her liberties. The invalid of Egypt, the sojourner of Syria, had realized his dreams and purposes of good to his own subjects, and once again the early vision of his manhood, the recovery of Palestine, haunted his slumbering and his waking hours. And from that land, so dear to him, came news of greater and greater terror and interest to the Christian world; the Mamelukes were exterminating its inhabitants. In 1267, the king of France convened his nobles at Paris. He sent to Joinville to be present; but the worthy seneschal excused himself, on the ground that he had an ague; the king, however, would not listen to excuses, and assuring him he had physicians who would cure any ague, prevailed on his old comrade to appear at the capital, though why he was summoned he knew not. On the twenty-fifth of May, however, all was explained. In the great hall of the Louvre, Louis, bearing the Crown of Thorns in his reverent hands, met his nobles and announced to them his purposes. Weak almost to fainting, too weak to sit a horse or even ride in a carriage, worn to a shade by fasts, penances, and vigils—but with an eye expressive of the undaunted and tireless soul that upheld him, he, first of all, resumed the cross; then his three sons bound themselves to the crusade; and then, unable to resist so firm and self-forgetting a

spirit, lords and knights, many a one. But though all admired the disinterested heroism of Louis, not a few blamed his rashness. The pope tried to dissuade him; Joinville opposed him; his councillors pointed out the danger to his kingdom; his family wept at the prospect of his loss; his clergy grumbled at the idea of increased taxes. But the hero of the cross had not taken his resolve rashly, and no slight obstacles could stop him; he felt his end drawing near, and his heart ached to beat its last in the service of Jesus. Through three years, calmly, consistently, and with a prescience that he should not return, he prepared all within and without his kingdom for his departure; provided for his children; began his paper of instructions to his successor; and named those who were to act as regents. At length the appointed time came; with bare feet he made his last visits to Notre Dame, to the tomb of St. Denis, assumed the staff and wallet of the pilgrim, and bowed before the holy relics in adoration.

On the sixteenth of March, 1270, he left Paris for the seashore; on the first of July, he sailed from France. The sad, sad story of this his last earthly doing need not be here repeated. Led, we scarce know why, to sail to Tunis; without wishing it, involved in an unjust and useless war with the Moors; delayed by the tardiness of his able but abominable brother, Charles of Anjou; and seeing daily his army melt away beneath the heat of the climate, thirst, hunger, pestilence, and the Moorish arrows—it was but too certain that the last of the crusaders was drawing near his end. From his resting-place, the castle of Carthage, Louis could look out upon the burning sands of the shore, the molten sea, the sky of burnished brass; he could watch the southern winds sweep the sharp dust of the desert into the camp of his followers; could behold the African horsemen hovering around his devoted troops, destroying every straggler. Leaning with his thin, feeble hands upon the battlements, he looked toward the bay where floated the ship in which his favourite son lay sick, stricken by the plague which was consuming so many; which even then had fastened upon the king's own blood. With tearful, anxious, yet patient and confiding eyes, he watched the vessel just moving in the roll of the bay under that August sun, and prayed to God and Jesus that his son might live, and his brother quickly come. His prayer was not granted; on the third of August, the Count of Nevers died; on the eleventh, his death was told to his father; on the morning of the twenty-fifth, the fleet of Charles of Anjou had not yet appeared. Meanwhile the poison in the veins of the monarch had through twenty-one days been working, and none yet knew whether he would live or die. From his sick-bed he had sent messages of comfort and resignation to the sick around him; on his bed of weakness and pain he had finished those advices to his successor which should be engraven in adamant, and given to every king and king's son to grow better by. "Hold to justice," such are some of his words,— "be inflexible and true, turning neither to the right hand nor the left, and sustain the cause of the poor until justice be done him. If any one has to do with thee, be for him and against thyself. Beware of beginning war, and if it be begun, spare the church and the innocent. Appear all quarrels that thou canst. Procure good officers, and see that they do their duty. Keep thy expenses within bounds."

So passed the closing hours of the French king. During the night of the 24th of August, he asked to be taken from his bed, and laid, unworthy sinner that he was, on a bed of ashes. His request was complied with; and so he lay, his hands crossed, his eyes fixed upon the suffering form of his Saviour, until some three hours after the next midday. Those who sat by, and saw how breath failed him, drew the curtains of the window to admit the slight breeze that curled the waters of the bay,

and looked out carelessly into the August afternoon. Afar off, a fleet was just coming in sight, the long-expected fleet of Anjou. With beating hearts they knelt and told the royal invalid on his couch of ashes ; but his ear was deaf, his eye lifeless, his jaw fallen.

Make ready your spices to embalm his body, poor, threadbare garment that it is ! And issue your bulls to embalm his memory as a saint, for as such already his name is aromatic in the mouths of men ! Truly a saint ; not faultless,—neither was Peter ; not intellectually omnipotent,—neither was John ; not an overturner,—he would render Cæsar's dues to Cæsar, God's to God. We have said he was no radical ; perhaps we erred ; there is no truly radical, root-reaching reform that does not flow from the infinite in man's heart and conscience ; the finite in his mind is much, but always superficial, not radical. Glory to Louis the Ninth ! glory to all who have reformed as their Master did, from the centre outward ! Let him be Saint Louis, the Holy Louis, the divinely enlightened Louis ! And let us of Protestantism weep that it is so hard for us to raise our true and noble men, our heroes and earthly saviours, our Eliots, Hampdens, and Cromwells, Washingtons and Jays, into saints also, for ever to be revered.

JOURNAL OF NATURAL HISTORY.

THE DEATH'S HEAD MOTH.—We have been favoured by Mr. Denny, of Downing-terrace, the successful breeder of this rare and interesting insect, with an inspection of several of his magnificent specimens of the fly. It will be in the recollection of our readers that about a month since we stated the singular fact that above twenty of the full grown larvae were taken by Mr. Denny from a tea-tree growing over the top of a house at the back of Downing-terrace. These have all been successfully reared, and are now splendid samples of the genus. An interest beyond its mere beauty of appearance attaches to this insect ; it received its name of the death's head from a figure on the back of the thorax closely resembling a death's head and cross bones—and this circumstance, coupled with its power of producing a shrill squeaking noise, has long rendered it an object of mysterious terror to the vulgar, by whom its sound is regarded as the harbinger of calamity or death. Entomologists have been long puzzled to explain whence the cry of the insect proceeded ; the naturalist world has been divided on the subject—Réaumur, Joret, Lorey, and other eminent entomologists, each advancing a different theory, but none of them have succeeded in explaining the mystery. The credit of the discovery we think we can now assert belongs to Mr. Denny. He has ascertained beyond a doubt the organ of the sound—viz. a large moveable horny scale at the base of each of the upper pair of wings, fixed on the thorax and covering a small aperture, which is also of a horny substance. The vibration of this scale is the cause of the sound, as is uncontestedly proved by all other parts of the insect being perfectly at rest when the noise proceeds from it, while these valves are in a state of strong vibration. It remains, however, to discover how this valve acts, and to accomplish that requires a minute dissection of the insect ; and it is much to be desired that the subject should engage the attention of Mr. Owen, of London, the celebrated insect anatomist, by whose skill the mystery may be fully developed.—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

From the meteorological observations made at the Paris Observatory during the month of July, so remarkable for its heat, it appears that the highest temperature was on the 31st, when the thermometer marked 34 4-tenths degrees centigrade—very nearly 95 Fahrenheit ; and the lowest was on the 9th, when the heat was 11 7-10ths degrees centigrade, or 53 Fahrenheit. The heat in the centre of Paris was somewhat higher than at the Observatory.

SWORD FISH.—One of these formidable members of the funny tribe was caught a few days ago off Killingholme, which measured six feet ten inches in length, and the sword two feet eleven inches. The girth of the fish was four feet seven inches, the spread of its tail three feet eleven, and rise of the back fin thirteen inches.

THE CARDINAL SPIDER.—A large breed of spiders abound in the palace of Hampton Court. They are called there “cardinals,” in honour, I suppose, of Cardinal Wolsey. They are full an inch in length, and many of them of the thickness of a finger. Their legs are about two inches long, and their bodies covered with a thick hair. They feed chiefly on moths, as appears from the wings of that insect being found in great abundance under and amongst their webs. In running across the carpet in an evening, when the light of a lamp or candle has cast a shade from their large bodies, they have been mistaken for mice, and have occasioned no little alarm to some of the more nervous inhabitants of the palace. A doubt has even been raised whether the name of cardinal has not been given to this creature from an ancient belief that the ghost of Wolsey haunts the place of his former glory under this shape. At all events, the spider is considered as a curiosity, and Hampton Court is the only place in which I have met with it.—*Jesse's Gleanings in Natural History.*

FLIGHT OF INSECTS.—A singular phenomenon occurred at Lewes on Sunday last. During the entire day a heavy murky atmosphere prevailed, hardly a breath of air being perceptible, while the close dull warmth was most oppressive. About two o'clock a small but thick and dark cloud was discernible hanging, as it were, around the lion, at the top of the old castle tower—so dark, indeed, as almost to obscure the figure. On ascending the castle, and going out on the leads, it was found that this thick cloud was composed of myriads of insects, which we are not entomologists enough to describe by name, but which appeared like large-winged ants. These insects settled on the iron rods which support the figure of the lion, while thousands clung to the walls and the floor of the tower. Many thousands of them fell on the leads, where they gradually died. In an hour or two the great bulk of them had taken their departure, but large numbers were left behind in a dying state. We picked up a handful of them, dead and dying, and when placed on a paper those which still retained life showed no disposition to motion. They have expansive wings, their bodies being dark and shining. Their heads are somewhat large, and they are apparently armed with powerful forceps.—*Sussex Advertiser.*

We understand that Mr. Whitfield is once more (and perhaps for the last time) on his return home from the west coast of Africa with a large collection of animals, birds, and plants, and also with a curious collection of rare animals in spirits, many of which have never been seen in England. The ship containing them (probably the *Governor McDonald*) may be expected in the London Docks at the latter end of this, or the beginning of the following month.

WHALES.—Seventy-three whales were captured at Housay, in Stronsay, on the 18th ult. by the crews of three or four boats, after a short chase. A day or two after 212 were driven ashore in Sanday. They have since been sold by public roup, and realised something handsome to the captors. Companies from Kirkwall have been the principal purchasers.—*Scotch Paper.*

THE TOURIST.

[All the world travels now-a-days. Great, therefore, will be the utility of a periodical to which every Tourist may communicate such of his experiences as to routes, sights, conveyances, inns, expenses, and the other economies of travelling, as may serve his fellow-tourists. To this design we propose to devote a distinct department of THE CRITIC, and we invite communications of the class described relative to travelling both abroad and at home.]

The Picturesque Hand-book of Liverpool, a Manual for Resident and Visitor. 8vo. Liverpool : Benjamin Smith. London : Chapman and Hall : 1846. To all tourists whose route lies through Liverpool, and to all who, visiting that extensive, opulent, and rapidly improving town, and have time to look about them, we commend this succinct and ably written Guide-book. In addition to a history of the town from the earliest traceable period to the present, and description of its public edifices, docks, markets, and cemeteries, the book contains a narrative of a day at Birkenhead, and a series of pleasure excursions in the neighbourhood, thus giving all that could be desired. The buildings are both imposing and beautiful ; the harbour, and many

picturesque scenes of the neighbourhood are spiritedly engraved on wood, the illustrations being profusely scattered through the book, and the whole is got up with a liberality and elegance which reflect no little credit upon the publishers.

LETTERS FROM A TRAVELLING BACHELOR
ON

CITIES, LITERATURE, AND ART.

LETTER XIV.

PRECISELY as the clock struck six, A.M., the little steamer left her moorings near the Brühl Terrace, and commenced her ascent of the Elbe, as far as Tetschen. The morning, as if to recompense us for the disappointment we felt in having been prevented from visiting Saxon Switzerland, owing to the rainy weather, broke at last unclouded, and the sun rapidly dissipated the light fog which hung over the river's course. Gently we winded along; the broad plains which margined the river either gradually swelled into grassy slopes of the richest verdure, or were cultivated as gardens to the water's edge, amid which the white villas of the citizens, and the cottages of villagers were seen, all indicative of the general prosperous condition of the people. By degrees, soon after you pass Pillnitz and the palace, which is a plain unornamented structure, built for the summer's residence of all the members of the royal family, the scene changes. The river narrows, the mountains which hem it in as it journeys forth from their first far-distant gorges become more lofty and bare, and assume every variety of shape, now terminating in cones, then broken into rugged masses, or else appearing at the summit like vast extinguished craters. We stopped beneath the Bastey, or Bastion, a name given to one of the largest of these, and the summit of which overhangs the river. Would you believe it—barren and inaccessible as it appears, this rock was once inhabited? A band of robbers, or of "condottieri," under a robber knight, here erected and strengthened a natural citadel, from whence they issued to levy Black Mail with as much audacity, success, and rapacity, as ever characterised the "Border Counties," or gave repute to "Rob Roy," "Armstrong," or "Kinmont Willie."

Lord God! was not this a pitiful case,
That men dared not drive their goods to the fell,
But limmer thieves drove them away
That feared neither heaven nor hell?

At least the march of intellect has improved this; the leviers of Black Mail have been succeeded by the innkeepers, whose flocks are now fleeced in a much more legitimate manner. The Bastey passed, the scene again changes; here the river almost winds upon itself; now broad jutting ledges of rock narrow its bed, and seem to bar all further progress; you enter a shallow channel, and look from the centre of its narrow pass where before and behind you the stream seems to form a little isthmus between two extensive lakes—you turn the point of an abruptly rising mass of moss-covered granite, and as you advance the Elbe enlarges, and hills open upon hills. Every description of verdure is at one time seen; if the hills recede, the strip of land between them and the river is richly cultivated, or occupied with cottages you yearn to inhabit. If they start in giant forms from the water's edge, they are either clothed with graceful trees of different kinds, or stand bare, bleak and storm-riven to the eye.

Here midst the changeful scenery ever new,
Fancy a thousand wondrous forms describes,
More wildly great than ever pencil drew;
Rocks, torrents, vales, or shapes of giant size,
And glittering cliffs on cliffs, and fiery ramparts rise.

Still as the little steamer pursues its sinuous course, the form of the mountain scenery is changed. The hills become more rounded, and covered with short mossy herbage, amid which fallen blocks of bare granite appear. The fortress of Königstein, of great note in Saxon history, and never yet taken, is now seen; whilst on the opposite shore to the left, Lilienstein, a mountain of still higher elevation, shuts out the horizon from the view, or narrows the entire world presented to your sight to the tracts situated between it and the opposite fort, which overlooks and defends the little town that bears its name, with its white church and houses all picturesquely grouped around. Upon the summit of Königstein, it is stated,

there is accommodation for at least five hundred men, women, and children; and, during war, its walls afford sure and ample protection for the archives of the kingdom. At other times it is used as a state prison for those who are suspected, or are found guilty, of *lèse-majesté*. From thence, until we drew nigh unto Tetschen the scenery was varied, but ever of the same character—rocky, wooded, and picturesque, and, as we entered the Austrian dominions, seemed to improve in cultivation. At a little village, if it might be called one—for it seemed to consist of a church and a custom-house only—the steamer's course was arrested, and the Austrian officers came on board. Our passports were examined and returned, my knapsack overhauled and very greatly respected, but, remarking that Uncle WILLIAM's carpet bag was somewhat rigorously fingered, I ventured to assure them of its utter innocence of tobacco in any shape, after which I suspected they were in search in the hope of *carpet bagging*, doubtless, a fresh supply of cigars. The laugh we raised at their expense when Uncle WILLIAM's aversion to this "fragrant," but to him "stinking," weed was known, and their very evident disappointment in not finding one cigar in any package on board, greatly amused us, and we parted excellent friends—upon the score of their discomfiture. In an hour more we were at Tetschen, it being about one as we sat down to our dinner at the apparently comfortable hotel adjoining the landing-place. Now the Eilwagen which runs to Töplitz in conjunction with the steamer was timed to start upon the moment of our arrival, so as to reach that place before the departure of the diligence for Prague. But I soon found we were under the mild discipline of the government of Austria. The air of impassability, of enjoyment, ease and repose, prevalent in that somnolent land, gradually, here, even in Bohemia, diffused itself to my naturally impatient eye. Never shall I forget the exquisite pleasure and the calm sense of enjoyment which mastered all my rising feelings of astonishment at the unblushing indifference to all preconceived notions of punctuality, and adherence to the route, hours, and law of the "way bill"—when our landlord, satisfied and self-possessed, in reply to some hurried and horrid fears of mine that the Eilwagen would start before we had dined, begged me to cast such dull care to the winds, and assured me he was the proprietor of that vehicle, which should not depart from his threshold until we had duly refreshed ourselves, and announced our readiness, nay, earnest desire, so to do. Excellent people, how calmly might not our barks of life float down your Lethean streams! why do men persist in calling you slow, or believing you to be dull? You, whose acutely natural perceptions have seen through the many deep-seated and misguided motives of life, have found in energy—vexation of spirit, and the true value of existence to consist in a torpid condition of impassive animal enjoyment.

We had been accompanied from Dresden by a select circle of German students, who, the moment we arrived, refilled their pipes, and commenced a noisy game of billiards. They played, we dined; two Bohemian minstrels, warranted genuine, and not related to the "Brethren" who once enraptured Drury with their mountain airs, which they had learned in Whitechapel, and in which district they were born of Israelitish parents, gave us some exquisite national songs with that intuitive sense of melody natural to this people. Still the diligence did not hurry, or the landlord, or the students; the hands of the clock moved with a dull tick slowly over the dial; the waiter shuffled listlessly along; heavy gusts of smoke, like idle sighs, were slowly blown, and with much apparent exertion, from the well-filled pipe of my opposite Austrian neighbour. Uncle WILLIAM ruminated with his hand on his open manly brow; a gentle somnolent feeling overcame me—there was no help for it—the diligence was getting ready—I could sleep first, so I closed my eyes, enjoyed my repose, awoke, stretched my legs, strayed listlessly before the inn;—a noise was heard—the diligence was ready! The students assembled, we were calmly packed, thanked, greeted with a hope for a pleasant journey, and were—off! No, the coachman has mislaid a something, he is seeking for it in the inn, in the inn-yard, in the stable, in the hog-trough; what can it be?—has he lost time? Time! who cares for that in Austria? No, it is his whip. He gives an encouraging sound between a shout and a hoot, the horses start, a heavy lurch of the vehicle throws uncle WILLIAM in my face; it is

one hour and something more after our time, but we are off! Yes, I perceive that very gradually the houses appear to recede; we are on the road to Töplitz! If the tourist has a day to spare, let him pleasantly idle it at Tetschen. Before the inn door there rises a barrier of lofty rock, upon which stands the castle, the seat of Count THUN, the great landed proprietor of the district, and both sides of the river and the inland valley are for miles beautifully varied. Our course, however, soon left the Elbe, and we journeyed through a well tilled land, not much peopled, yet apparently naturally productive. Among our cohort of students, there was one with whom I became tolerably conversational, and who thus enabled me to obtain some information of the districts we passed through. Would that I could convey to you some description of his dress! He seemed to me to be made of a mourning-gown, fastened by an extensive bell-rope girdle, ornamented with tassels composed of a very liberal quantity of coloured worsted; trowsers perfectly oriental,—as regards size, and beyond all Manchester as respects pattern;—a cap, a cross of the "Boy's Day" and the "Templar's Night" ditto, which he could carry in any manner, put on in any way—use for a tobacco pouch or a spittoon—any thing in fact human necessity or human convenience might suggest. His waistcoat would have distanced any which in Sabbath brilliancy has ever excited the marked attention of the boxes at the Eagle. "Our striking pattern at 8*s. 6d.*" would have been taken by surprise, and have begged to be removed from being placed in competition with such an irresistible and unrestricted display of lines, circles, spots, and colours. It is impossible to define how these were mingled; they struck the eye like a woven eruption of them all. His linen was German, even to a month's washing—I mean the want of it—and his hair was a mass of extremely uncombed animal and vegetable matter. And this youth talked rationally of literature, feelingly of human life, enthusiastically of nature—and yet, had you met him so attired, unable to discern the inner man, you would have said

Some hapless idiot being I discover,
Whom his eyes befool, whom passion wilders,
Whom not the broadest light of noon can heal.

Merrily, however, we journeyed—now joking, now reasoning, walking, far away before the diligence, or loitering behind, that we might enjoy the driver's reproof for its delay!—then ascending and raising a loud chorus of complaints at his unequalled slowness. It was a calm and cloudless evening, the sun yet lingered on the distant summits of the Erzgebirge, and the rising orb of the moon tinged with a fleecy line of white light the horizon as we approached the battle-field of Kulm. It is a vast plain; around it rises an amphitheatre of hills, and in the centre are three monuments raised by Prussia, Austria, and Russia, to commemorate the victory gained by their troops over VANDAMME. They are close to the high road, and are each under the care of a veteran who was engaged in the conflict. It is difficult to describe the effect which such scenery, viewed under the impression of such events, produces on the mind. You look around, the vast plain stretches before you like a world over which Nature has shed her holiest peace, the mountain barriers impart to it an air of solemn grandeur, the very air breathes of repose;—and you stand beneath a lofty obelisk raised to commemorate the result of one of the fiercest conflicts which preceded the downfall of that man whose genius and whose ambition converted every portion of this fair land into a desert of human carnage. Have we any affinity with Nature, and can we thus desecrate the earth she has so blessed? —is our parentage of heaven—our reason of God, that thus we can suffer ourselves to be degraded—to become the slaves of a conqueror's passion? Death came first into the world in the shape of murder, and has left the lust of it on man's heart apparently for ever in the names of Glory and of Conquest. Never were the world of Nature and the world of Man more awfully or mournfully contrasted than in the scenery and the event of this plain. The fame of the conqueror, the greatness of the conquered, have alike become here a tradition—yet here Nature is still constant, gay, sweet, and unchanging. However, we surveyed these columns Glory has raised, marched on to Arbesau, and at nightfall reached Töplitz four hours after the departure of the diligence for Prague, of which, since six o'clock A.M. of course we had been in chase. We put up at the Post, a good one-day inn for travellers. It was full—pas-

sengers hurrying in all directions, with directions in every language on their luggage. Never shall I forget the very clever writer "JOHANN" we had here. He was about the middle size, features small and irregular, such as induce you from their discordance to believe they are living on bad terms with each other. His hair was of a sandy brown, his complexion somewhat tallow, with a flush of red upon it, as if slightly discoloured by brandy, so that his face seemed perpetually covered with a jaundiced blush. His dress gave him the appearance of a decayed Quaker, his waistcoat was yellow and spotted, like decayed cheese—the entire man looked time-worn and faded. It is impossible, however, that he could be of Austria, or Austrian. He was ubiquitous, omnipresent, omniscient. With his mouth full of orders, and his hands full of supplies, with a calmness nothing could overcome, and an unwearied civility nothing could disturb, he attended to all wants, rectified all embarrassments, directed all lost strangers, gave instructions for all difficulties, and receipts for all accounts; modified, moderated, instructed, fed, and guided a swarm of people who were heaped around you in the scattered confusion of a twelvemonth's supply of numerous long delayed and unexpected caravans. Even in the morning, when the hubbub was higher, his imperturbability was greater. A crowd of hungry, sleepy night passengers were crushed into the room for breakfast, as they passed through Töplitz. Among all, and above all, clamorous for every thing at the same time, was a large, heavy, fat, misshapen man, habited in a cloak of endless folds, and clothes of most unbalanced proportions. His face was round, his eyes seemed to float in a glutinous liquid, in which, at some former period they had apparently been boiled, so dull and deadly did they glare upon you; his skin was coarse, and eruptive as Vesuvius; and his thick bloated lips hung down as if worn out by the weariness of his incessant pipe and endless gluttony. There was nothing at the table he did not clear, nothing too vast for mastication, too minute to be spared; at length he spied another possessed of something he had not; he demanded a supply—it was exhausted! He abused JOHANN,—that philosopher was unmoved; he sent for the landlord, and a storm of words arose, which JOHANN and I enjoyed with much dignified composure. At length his diligence was ready, peace ensued, the "stout gentleman" spoke to JOHANN, who smiled his indifference; he offered his hand to the landlord, who drew up with much manly dignity, and declined the proffered honour. He was right; no soap could have washed out the stain upon his own had he so done. Töplitz is very pleasantly situated, and consists mainly of one large street, several little places called squares, and a multitude of white hotels and whitewashed lodging houses. The steam of warm water assails you very often, and its perpetual rush in the bath-house as you pass assures you of its liberal supply. We surveyed the town throughout; saw the palace (externally) of Prince CLARY; had a glimpse of the tall groves adjoining, and ascended a height above the town, which you reach by a successive flight of steps from the street below, from whence we had a fine view of the valley in which it is built, and the wide stretching scenery around. This was obtained from the Schiesshaus, or shooting-house, to the right of which is a lofty pole used for firing at a popinjay, an amusement once popular in Scotland, almost universal in Germany, where rifle shooting brings all classes together in every district at least on Sunday. This done, we returned to the Post; here we found that our luggage had been carefully packed—in the wrong diligence; we rectified this, and having been warned by the way bill that unless we were at our places appointed exactly as eight o'clock struck, we should find those places gone,—we were there at eight precisely; alas! we waited until nine; JOHANN declared it was regular; it occurred every day; the town clock must be wrong, or he could not believe that it really had struck. Nothing could disturb that man. I smothered, therefore, the rising earthquake of my impatience, which would have otherwise induced me to have toppled down Töplitz by way of hastening possibly the departure of the diligence, when, lo! it appeared; the Beiwagen was allotted to ourselves, nine struck, we were packed, called over, examined, and dismissed finally for Prague.

SKETCHES OF THE WAR IN THE CAUCASUS.

The following vivid description of the horrible warfare of the Circassian tribes is extracted from the narrative of an officer, which appears in the *Augsburgh Gazette*. It will amply repay perusal.

" When Schamyl perceived, from the assemblage of a considerable body of troops in Onesapnaja and the great preparations that were made there, that the Russians were preparing for a crowning blow, he sketched the following plan:—The Circassians were to menace the right flank of the line with diversions, as soon as the Russian detachment should have penetrated into the mountain district, in order either to weaken it by despatching reserves to the fortresses, or to render all further advance altogether impossible. In the event, however, of the Russians succeeding in penetrating further, they were to encounter the first resistance at the field of Buturnay. Here Schamyl was himself to obstruct the foe, whilst 3,000 Circassians and others were to fall upon them in the rear on their descent into the deep ravine of Termengul. The slightest failure of the Russians was to be the signal for a rise of all the thitherto neutral or half-subjected tribes. In the event of the mountaineers experiencing an overthrow, a second and still stronger position remained to them at Arguani, which, notwithstanding its natural inaccessibility, they had in the course of the year still further fortified by artificial means. Towards Arguani the passage across the raging Koissu would obstruct the foe, until at length their strength and courage were shattered on the rocky summits of Achulgo, the last refuge of Schamyl. The latter was so firmly convinced of a favourable result that he had not thought of any further means of defence. Notwithstanding the general prudence with which his plans were laid, the result was altogether unfavourable, owing to the uncertainty of the Circassians' co-operation. His hopes in reference to the projected diversions in Circassia were not fulfilled. The five days' expedition of the Russians against the Itschkerinians (from the 9th to the 14th of May), the destruction of both the fortresses of his lieutenant-general Taschaw-Hadschi, the desolation of nine of the enemy's districts, and similar misfortunes, moved the Circassians to consider their own safety, instead of making attacks upon the line. The result of this was that Schamyl maintained his position at Buturnay only two hours, in Arguani two days, and, lastly, in the last place of refuge, Achulgo, two months.

" The Russian detachment, which had originally consisted of six battalions and ten guns, not only left no reserve behind in the forts on the line, but strengthened themselves by the addition of three battalions and seven guns, which General Grabbe summoned from Daghestan, in order to combine his strength at the point where he thought to strike against the enemy a decisive blow. Advancing directly towards Circassia, General Grabbe met at Buturnay 4,000 Circassians. The quick and resolute attack of this position allowed Schamyl no time for deliberation, and after a short resistance he took to flight. The Circassians came too late to their assistance, and the Ssalatians saw themselves compelled to submit to the Russians, till the fortune of war should turn in their favour. Leaving behind a battalion in the fort of Udagno, an important strategic point on the inclination of the ridge of Sauch-Balak, General Grabbe once more attacked the enemy at Arguani. Schamyl, meanwhile, had had time to collect all his forces, and numbered about 10,000 men under his command. The battle lasted two days (May 30 and 31.) Schamyl was defeated, and lost about 1,500 men in killed and wounded. Never, until the storming of Achulgo, had so bloody a battle been witnessed, and such a result in an ordinary expedition would have decided the fate of the campaign, but the Lesghians saw that now the question at issue was their freedom or their entire subjection, and that they must summon all their strength for the maintenance of their independence. All their party leaders, the boldest warriors, all who exercised any influence over their tribes by means of intellectual superiority or bravery, hastened on the summons of Schamyl to his protecting crag castle, there to die or to remain victors, for flight from that point was out of the question. The victory of Arguani had borne its fruits and spread fright and consternation throughout the mountain districts, whose inhabitants awaited with apprehensive expectation this last and decisive encounter between Schamyl and the Muscovites. The Abrük Aschwerdü Mohammed endeavoured, indeed, to attack the besiegers in

the rear with about 6,000 mountaineers, furnished from the most remote villages, but this attempt only served to manifest too clearly the fear and irresolution of the enemy, as three and a half Russian battalions succeeded in driving them out of their entrenchments, and wholly dispersing them. Meanwhile, the Russians, without finding any resistance worth mentioning, had made themselves masters of Circassia and the right bank of the Koissu.

" One glance at the fortress of Achulgo convinced General Grabbe of its utter inaccessibility; he, therefore, immediately resolved upon a blockade, and caused the necessary siege works to be commenced, in the hope of bringing the foe to submission by starving them out. This blockade lasted from the 12th of June to the 23rd of August, nearly two months and a half! It is necessary to have seen with your own eyes those frightful precipices, perpendicular masses of stone, and bare rocks, to be able to form an idea of the unspeakable foils and dangers which nature here combined with the desperate defence of Schamyl and his wild hordes, opposed to the courage and perseverance of the besiegers. After measures had been taken to narrow the circle of the siege, they were obliged to raise new batteries for the guns, to cut out paths for the conveyance of the artillery amongst the rocks, and to erect defences by quickly-constructed gabions and stone walls. They were compelled to occupy every point as strongly as possible, as between the posts, even at the slightest distance, no connection or mutual support was possible. Eight battalions, of which the detachment originally consisted, were hardly sufficient for the necessary occupation of the posts. The same troops which laboured at the works of the siege by day filled the advanced posts by night, carried on an uninterrupted skirmish with the besieged, and were frequently annoyed by sallies on the part of the foe. The supply of the troops with provisions and ammunition was fraught with great difficulties, as it was necessary to lay down roads to Hunri Unzukul and the mountain of Bety. The construction of these roads, as well as others by Tscherky and Arguani, through hitherto inaccessible localities, may be considered as an essential advantage of the expedition. In such and similar labours the whole of June and half of July were spent; the besiegers had in that space of time penetrated to a rocky projection, which separated their position from the old castle, and had taken the advanced (so called) tower of Surchai by storm. The favourable situation of this tower afforded an unusually wide extension to the position of the besiegers, whilst at the same time it obstructed every attempt to gain access to it. The constantly concentrating detachment was strengthened by five battalions and nine guns. Although the position of the Circassians surrounded on all sides, was a very disadvantageous one—although they daily suffered great losses from the effects of the Russian guns, and had to fight with deficiencies of all sorts—there was still no talk of surrender on their part. General Grabbe, becoming more strongly convinced every hour that he should not attain his object by a blockade alone, resolved to take Achulgo by storm. The attack of the 16th of July was an entire failure, in spite of the valiant conduct displayed by Count Paskevitschki's regiment, and the self-sacrifice of the officers, the majority of whom fell in the battle. This defeat, however, by no means lessened the confidence of the troops, who, in expectation of a fresh storming, pursued the works of the siege with zeal and vigour."

THE OREGON TERRITORY.

The following article is extracted from the first number of a newspaper called the *Spectator*, the first published in the Oregon territory. The *Spectator* is of the same size as most of the Parisian newspapers, is printed in an excellent character, and is "got up" in a style which would do credit to any metropolitan printer. Of course it is as yet rather barren of intelligence, and the subjects of discussion are necessarily limited, but the topics treated of in the number before us are well chosen and temperately and reasonably discussed.

"THE WILLAMETTE RIVER.

"It will probably be interesting to many, and particularly so to those who anticipate visiting Oregon at some future time, to know something of the Willamette, the great Falls of which are now so rapidly coming into notice, and to learn something

of the many cities that are springing up in the neighbourhood of the most important water privilege west of the Rocky Mountains. The Willamette River takes its rise in the California mountains, in about 43 degrees of north latitude; its course is nearly north, winding through beautiful fertile prairies, now and then skirted by lofty forests of fir, pine, and cedar, receiving many considerable tributaries both on the east and west—all of which have traversed their whole length through a rich and fertile country, and, in many places, we might say, bounded with beautiful and luxuriant meadows, encircled with the lofty fir, and interspersed with beautiful groves of oak. But to describe the Willamette in its descent, time and space will not permit us to enter minutely either into a description of the river or the country adjoining. On arriving near the Falls, ‘the river spreads out into a wide, deep basin, and runs slowly and smoothly until within half a mile of the Falls, when its velocity increases, its width diminishes, eddies are formed, in which the water turns back as if loth to make the plunge, but is forced forward by the water in the rear, and when still nearer, it breaks upon the volcanic rocks scattered across the channel, and then, as if resigned to its fate, smooths its agitated surges, and precipitates down an almost perpendicular of twenty-five feet, presenting a somewhat whitened column.’ The rising mist, on a pleasant day, forms, in the rays of the sun, a beautiful bow—the whole forming a sight, the grandeur of which has to be seen to be appreciated. Below the Falls, for the distance of half a mile, the channel of the river is confined by ledges of basaltic rocks to about 200 yards in width. About one mile below, the Fall enters the Clackamas river from the east, which takes its rise near Mount Hood, one of the perpetual snow peaks of the Cascade mountains. Here are the Clackamas rapids, another obstacle in the navigation of the Willamette; but the difficulties here presented are of minor importance—at almost any stage of water, the boats of the Hudson Bay Company ascend and descend with but little difficulty. From this place to the mouth of the Willamette, a distance of twenty-five miles, navigation is good, as the tide runs up to the foot of the Clackamas rapids. The Willamette, running its whole course from south to north, enters the Columbia in about latitude ‘46 deg. 30 min. north, longitude 122 deg. 20 min. west.’ On the east side of the Willamette, at the Falls, the land is claimed by Dr. John M’Laughlin, who laid out Oregon City in the year 1842. The many advantages presented for the growth and prosperity of a manufacturing city is manifest to the most casual observer. We are informed that where Oregon City now stands, it was, three years ago, a dense forest of fir and underbrush. The march of improvement has been with gigantic strides. The city is now incorporated with a population of not less than 500 souls, and about eighty houses, to wit:—Two churches, two taverns, two blacksmith shops, two cooper shops, two cabinet shops, four tailor shops, one hatter shop, one tannery, three shoe shops, two silversmiths, and a number of other mechanics; four stores, two flouring and two saw mills, and a lath machine. One of the flouring and one of the saw mills, together with the lathe machine, were erected and put in operation by a company of American citizens, associated together under the name of the “Oregon Milling Company,” and until within a few weeks past, the flouring mill was conducted as a public mill, grinding for the settlers for toll; it, however, has been changed from doing custom work to that of exchange, giving a certain number of pounds of flour for a bushel of wheat. The mill owned by Dr. John M’Laughlin has never done any custom grinding, but exchanges flour for wheat. We are satisfied that the march of improvement would have been much greater at Oregon City, if nails and paints could have been obtained sufficient to meet the demands of the citizens. On the west side of the river, immediately opposite the Falls, the land is claimed by Mr. Robert Moore, who has also laid out a city, called Linn City, and improvements are going a-head. We are informed that Mr. Moore has sold one-half of the interest he claims in the water power at the Falls to a Mr. Palmer, of Indiana. From our acquaintance with Mr. Palmer, we feel warranted in saying that he will, at an early time, prosecute with energy the erecting of machinery on the west side of the river, unless prevented by the Government of the United States reserving the water power at the Falls. Linn City contains one tavern, one chair manufactory, one

cabinet shop, one gunsmith shop, and one wagon shop. Next in the list of cities comes Multnomah City, laid out by Mr. Hugh Burns, immediately adjoining Linn City, and opposite to Oregon City. Multnomah City is located on a beautiful site, and must, in short time, be a city in appearance as well as name. The Falls of the Willamette afford ample water privileges for the erection of machinery of every description to any extent desired; and we believe that in a few years there will be constructed a canal on each side of the river, commencing at the head of the Falls and locked down for a distance of one mile, which improvement would afford power for the manufacturing of everything necessary for internal purposes as well as transportation. With these advantages, together with the great quantity of timber immediately in our neighbourhood, a healthy climate, a productive soil, and minerals yet to be found, we are sanguine that the time is not far distant when we must become great, and, we hope, good.”

ART.

Art-Union EXHIBITION.—The works of art selected by the prize holders of the year 1846, and recently exhibited to the subscribers at the Suffolk-street Gallery, are now thrown open to the public gratuitously. Until the 12th of the present month the exhibition will be open from ten o'clock in the morning until six o'clock in the evening, and in order that those persons whose business occupies them all day may have an opportunity of seeing the works, the rooms will be opened on the 8th, 9th, 10th, and 11th from seven until ten o'clock in the evening. Tickets will be required for the evening exhibition.

“THE VILLAGE FESTIVAL.”—An engraving, upon a reduced scale, of Wilkie’s well-known picture, “The Village Festival,” has recently been published by Messrs. Graves, of Pall-mall. It will be remembered that the original picture—one of the best specimens of the master’s earlier and happier style, has long occupied an honourable position on the walls of the National Gallery, where it has never failed to attract its full share of attention and admiration. The reproduction of such a picture in the form of an engraving cannot fail of being highly popular. The work of which we are speaking as just published by Messrs. Graves has been executed in the style of line engraving by Mr. George Moise, of whose skillfulness in this branch of art it affords a very satisfactory proof.

A new Roman Catholic chapel, said to be the handsomest in England, was opened at Cheadle, in Staffordshire, on Tuesday. The ceremony of consecration had been gone through, in a private manner, on the day before. The edifice has been six years in hand: it was designed by Mr. Pugin; and the cost has been defrayed, as well as an endowment provided, by the Earl of Shrewsbury, on whose property it stands. It consists of a western tower, surmounted by a lofty spire; a nave of five compartments, with north and south aisles and porches; a lady chapel; a chapel of the blessed sacrament; a chancel, with sacristies and organ-loft on the north. The style is known as the decorated. The interior decorations are described as dazzling and magnificent. A painting of the Last Judgment, by Hauser of Rome, is placed over the chancel arch: the windows are glazed with stained glass; and several statues stand in appropriate positions. At the ceremony on Tuesday, the Roman Catholic Archbishops of Damascus and Sydney, the Roman Catholic Bishops of the Mauritius, of London, of Edinburgh, of Wales, and of the other districts in England, bore a part. Among the laity present, were the Austrian Ambassador and Countess Dietrichsen, and Count de Pollon, the Sardinian Minister.

MUSIC.

The following neatly written history of the Handel Society, its purpose, and progress, we extract from *The Morning Herald*.

This society, which was established in 1844, for the purpose of producing a complete edition of the works of Handel, has hitherto prosecuted its good work with great success, and

the publications which it has issued have been not only remarkable for the vigilant care bestowed editorially in recovering the original purity of the text, but also for the distinguished typographical beauty and magnificence of the volumes. The success of the society has been such as was anticipated; and there is every reason to believe that the entire design will be accomplished, and that the musical world will be put in possession of the whole compositions of the great master, on the critical authority and completeness of which the most perfect reliance may be placed. Upon the foundation of the society we took occasion, in common with our contemporaries, to call attention to the excellence of the scheme, and to the claims it had upon public support. The various editions of Handel's Oratorios, which had from time to time appeared, were notoriously imperfect, while that by Walsh, published during the lifetime of the composer, and possibly, as far as it goes, the most accurate, is now extremely scarce; but the plan upon which the Handel Society is based, is the only one upon which the certainty of diligent and trustworthy editorship can be insured. It may be well to call to mind that the number of annual guinea subscribers is limited to 1,000, a great proportion of which have already entered their names, thus furnishing a periodical capital of sufficient amount to compass the production of at least a couple of volumes within the year. The council of management is composed of twelve individuals, among whom appear the following names:—Sir Henry Bishop, Dr. Crotch, G. A. Macfaren, W. Sterndale Bennett, Dr. Rimbault, Sir George Smart, Henry Smart, Moscheles, J. W. Davison, &c.—whose high professional character, and reputation for general attainments, eminently fit them as directors and supervisors in such an undertaking, and secure for the operations of the society ample and universal confidence. To the four works hitherto published we now only make reference, in order to congratulate the council on the success which has so far crowned their labours. The advantages which were specially accorded to the undertaking, by access being afforded to the Royal libraries, and other quarters where the original manuscripts are deposited, were duly pointed out at the time of publication, and the pains-taking industry exemplified by the respective editors distinctly and fittingly acknowledged.

The oratorio of "Israel in Egypt" is now published—under the same general auspices, though under the immediate editing of Dr. Mendelssohn. To better hands than his this important work could not possibly have been confided, as the result plainly shews. With an exact and becoming scrupulousness he has taken every precaution that the score of the oratorio shall appear in precisely the same form that Handel left it, according to the original draft in the Queen's library, which, he tells us, in his interesting preface, "is more correct and accurate than the printed editions, in spite of the great haste with which Handel used to write down his works;" while all that he has added is carefully indicated, so that there shall be no misconception or false appropriation even in the remotest particular. That the mere musical structure, as it exists under Handel's hand, would be accurately reproduced was a matter concerning which there could be no doubt, but the volume comes with a specific recommendation, no less valuable than curious. According to the practice of the time, Handel, while presiding over the performance of his oratorios, introduced such organ embellishments, at the moment, as his judgment and fancy directed, and, according to the traditions which have reached us, when employed in supporting the single airs and duets, &c. his effusions built upon the figured basses were often singularly felicitous and beautiful. That Handel fully intended the organ to have an important share in such cases is well known, and to be in possession of accompaniments of this description as a Mendelssohn could supply, were he called upon to sit at the instrument, is a most desirable thing, as it at once precludes the possibility of the service being rendered in an ill-conceived, indiscreet, and obtrusive manner, which has hitherto often been the case through the ignorance and misapprehension of those in whom the discretionary power has unluckily been vested. A separate line running at the foot of each page throughout the volume, entirely distinct from the instrumental score, contains this welcome adjunct, and the most cursory examination of its outline is sufficient to satisfy the inquirer as to its propriety and extreme applicability, preserving as it does, in the words of an

intelligent contemporary, "the mean between a servile repetition of the score and the bold treatment of a Mozart." No attempt is made to give the organ an undue prominence, but there is every appearance that effects are realised of a character kindred to those which Handel himself aimed at. Besides this useful appendage, a pianoforte condensation is also annexed, suitable, if required, for domestic purposes; and to this the editor has affixed such guiding marks as regards the times of the movements, the pianos and fortés, &c. as he would officially adopt; but he does not connect them with the original score, in order, as he modestly intimates, that "he who prefers any other is not misled so as to take these directions for those which Handel wrote himself."

The errors occurring in the original manuscript through Handel's rapid mode of writing are mentioned in detail in the preface, with a view to the corrections in the printed text being recognized as only necessary emendations; and "in proof of his haste," a curious specimen is given of the way in which he expresses the opening of the first chorus, "And the children of Israel sighed." Certain pencil memoranda in Handel's own hand upon different parts of the score, relative to the singers of the time, are described in the following terms:—"Over the song 'Their land hath brought forth frogs,' he wrote *Mr. Savage*; over the song 'Thou didst blow, S. Frances'; over the duet 'Thou in thy mercy,' *Mr. Bird and Robinson's boy*, &c.; after the chorus 'But as for his people,' he wrote 'trough the land,' *Sr. Frances*, No. 1; after the chorus 'But the waters overwhelmed,' No. 2, 'Angelic splendour,' *S. Frances*; after the chorus 'Thy right hand, O Lord,' No. 3, *Cor fedele ex 9 S. Francesina*; after the duet 'Thou in thy mercy,' No. 4, *La speranza, la costanza, S. Frances*!" "Does this imply," asks Mendelssohn, "that already, in Handel's time, this grand succession of choruses was interrupted by favourite songs, and that the *prima donna* introduced the 'Cor fidele' in *Israel in Egypt*?" Another memorandum intimates that this vast and immortal oratorio was begun and finished in the incredibly short space of a month—October 1738. It seems also, that at the outset Handel intended to call the work *Exodus*; and the inference is likewise gathered that if he had continued in the same mind, the second part, as we now have it, would have stood first.

FOREIGN MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

La France Musicale (too frequently an apocryphal intelliger) announces that the *Opéra Comique* at Paris has contracted for operas by the following composers, in addition to those already announced in our columns:—two by Auber—two by Halévy—one by M. Grisar, a composer who, by this time, ought to have got beyond all uncertainty of position—one by M. Adrien Boieldieu—and one by M. Boisselot.

Carlotta Grisi has appeared at the opera in her two favourite solos in the *Diable à Quatre* and *Giselle*. A new ballet is in active rehearsal for her. It is entitled *La Taitienne*, and is written by M. Coralli père. Mlle. Caroline Kauffman has just created a very lively sensation at the opera. If the French journals are to be relied on, she combines into one grand ensemble the personal attractions of Grisi, the singing of Malibran, and the acting of Rachel! Oh, rare Mademoiselle Caroline Kauffman! Among the new engagements entered into by M. Vatel for the *Theatre Italien*, we find the name of M. Giuseppe Brambilla, that gentleman being retained for the *rôles de basse*. Lablache arrived last week at Paris, and has departed for Naples, where he sojourns for two or three months. He does not, therefore, join the Italian company on the opening of the theatre. The committee of the Association of Artists resolved to decree its homage to the memory of the author of *Armida*, and consequently on Tuesday week they performed the requiem of Hector Berlioz in the church of Saint Eustache. The vast isle of Saint Eustache could not contain the immense crowd that pressed thither. The choir and orchestra, selected from the leading artists of Paris, numbered four hundred and fifty, and were directed by Mons. Berlioz. Marseilles.—The celebrated Ole Bull has just visited this city, and created an extraordinary sensation. Boulogne.—A Mlle. Horrenberger has lately produced a great sensation here by her pianoforte performance. The journals are high in her praise. Leghorn.—The *Buondelmonte*, of Pacini, has obtained great success at the *Theatre de Rossini*. The *basso*, Collini, has been heard with great applause. Rome.—It is given out that Rossini has promised to compose music to a

national hymn, written in honour of the new sovereign pontiff. The Count Marchetti, one of the best modern Italian poets, is the author of the verses.—*Musical World.*

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

MR. HENRY BETTY, we learn, is "starring it" with great success at Margate. His performance of the *Stranger* on Tuesday last was marked with that just discrimination of the character which always distinguishes his acting, and has been spoken of by all who witnessed it in the most flattering manner.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—On Saturday last a number of scientific men met in the theatre of this establishment for the purpose of experimenting on the gigantic hydro-electric machine. In order to give our readers some idea of the powers of this hydro-electric, we must remind them of the dimensions of the colossal plate machine of the Polytechnic. That apparatus, unrivalled as a plate, is seven feet in diameter, producing sparks of great size and of dangerous power, and is capable of charging a surface of ninety square feet in one minute. The hydro-electric, however, charges the same extent of surface twelve times per minute. When in full action it gives no weak representation of a violent thunder-storm. The rush of the steam through so many metallic tubes, the noise of the discharges, and the rapid flashes of light might well alarm the spectator, did not the easy and self-possessed manner of the director and his assistants prove how completely the monster is under the command of human skill. It is, however, a spectacle of singular grandeur, and calculated to elevate our views of human intelligence and power. Nor in speaking thus would we for a moment be supposed to intimate that the spectacle is all that the directors of the Polytechnic pays attention to. They have higher views; their object is to point out the available resources of science in preventing the dangerous consequences of electric discharges, and thus to disabuse the mind of its slavish fear. Among the eminent men who were present on the occasion, were the veteran electrician Professor ARSTED, of Copenhagen, Professor MATTEUCCI, of Pisa, and Professor SCHONBERG, of Upsal, &c.

PLACES OF PUBLIC AMUSEMENT.

[For the accommodation of our numerous country subscribers during their visits to town, we purpose to insert regularly a list of the sights to be seen. This list will be corrected and enlarged from time to time.

BRITISH MUSEUM, Great Russell-street. Open every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, from 10 to 4, gratis.

NATIONAL GALLERY, Trafalgar-square. Open every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, from 10 to 4, gratis.

THEATRES.—Haymarket—Princess's, Oxford-street—French Plays, St. James's Theatre, King street, St. James's—Adelphi, Strand—Lyceum, Strand—Sadler's Wells, City-road—Surrey, Blackfriars-road. All day.

PANORAMA, Leicester-square. Every day.

DIORAMA, Regent's-park. Every day.

COSMORAMA, Regent-street. Every day.

THE TOWER. Daily, from 10 to 4.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S WAX-WORK, Baker-street.

CHINESE EXHIBITION, Hyde-park-corner.

POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION, Langham-place. Daily, from 10 to 11 at night.

THE COLOSSEUM, Regent's-park. Day and night.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's-park. Daily, but the visitor must be provided with a member's order.

SURVEY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Kennington. Daily.

MISCELLANEOUS EXHIBITIONS now open are—Tableaux Vivants, Dubourg's Rooms, Windmill-street, daily, morning and evening.

NECROLOGY.

A PARALLEL in our own times of the shifts and expedients of a Grub-street poet, as figured in the "Spectator," and literary miscellanies of the past century, is afforded by the subjoined sketch of M. HAREL, which we borrow from the *Athenaeum*. An impressive warning to men who rely upon such precarious resources is the fact that this "wit and humourist" died a madman!

The Paris papers announce that M. Harel—known in the literary and dramatic world as a wit and a humourist,—has terminated a life of singular vicissitude, by death as a mad-

man at Chatillon, at the age of 56. There are many points in the career and character of M. Harel which resemble those of Sheridan. He had for a time the privilege of the Odéon theatre, and the direction of the Porte-St.-Martin; and contended against narrow resources and declining audiences by a series of those questionable ingenuities which make the worse part of the English manager's fame. The papers abound in anecdotes of M. Harel. Pursued by *huissiers* for enormous sums, he found each day some new device for eluding them. His means of doing this is supposed to have derived from their own connivance; for all the bailiffs in Paris, it is said, had their free admissions to the Porte-St.-Martin during three years. Like Sheridan, M. Harel had the art to convert his creditors into solicitors and his duns into lenders:—and it is even said that he succeeded in extracting from a *huissier*, who came to seize, a loan of 3,000 francs besides his forbearance. His unpaid actors would wait on the manager to announce their determination not to play longer without money—and leave him, after a quarter of an hour's conversation, shedding tears of sympathy. His powers of persuasion are said to have been immense. One day, the Marquis de Custine, who had a piece in rehearsal, was called into the private cabinet of the manager. As usual, M. Harel was at bay with fortune; and as usual, he poured out to the Marquis the story of his position and hopes, with such effect that the latter, on departing, left his last louis behind him. Frédéric Lemaitre was present at the interview; and turning with a look of surprise to his director when the Marquis was gone:—"How is this?" said he; "why, you have left him his watch!" Then, his invention was taxed for devices to bring the public to his theatre. He was the author of the following announcement, which mystified the capital during a month:—"The young lady who sat (on such a night) in the third stall of the *balcon* of the Porte-St.-Martin entreats the young gentleman who was seated beside her to return to the same place in the course of the month. She has an important communication to make to him." During the whole of that month, the *balcon* was filled with young men in search of the fair unknown. M. Harel's sayings are everywhere quoted: and the French papers restore to him the celebrated aphorism, so long attributed to Talleyrand:—"Speech was given to man to conceal his thoughts." In his youth, M. Harel was a writer for the journals—including the *Courier Français* and the *Constitutionnel*. He was the author of some dramatic pieces; and obtained the prize of the Academy for his "Eloge de Voltaire."

DR. CHRIST HEINRICH RINCK.

It is with regret we have to record the death of the venerable and celebrated Dr. Christ Heinrich Rinck, at Darmstadt, on Friday the 7th ult. Dr. Rinck was a pupil of J. C. Kittel; the latter composer being the pupil of the immortal Sebastian Bach. These three are the greatest organ writers on record. Dr. Rinck was one of the most amiable and benevolent of men; a child in all social and good feelings, and a great character in all his intellectual undertakings. It is well known to the musical world that for half a century his organ works have been the universal delight and study to the whole of Germany; and every civilized country is familiar with them. He had an energetic and masterly style of writing, and his knowledge of the capacities of the organ is not to be surpassed by any composer. The ease with which he wrote is also remarkable, as his skill in harmony and counterpoint was astonishing. His melodies are dignified, and at the same time striking; his choral writings are masterpieces of harmony. We are indebted to Mr. G. French Flowers, his sole English pupil, for Dr. Rinck's arrangement of our old church psalmody, done in a manner worthy of the original; but unfortunately England is too much behind Germany duly to appreciate such productions. Dr. Rinck's vocal compositions equally demand a just critical praise; his easy and flowing harmonies are peculiarly adapted to vocal writing, and his cantatas and motets, &c. are indeed charming, and we trust that the genius of this great composer will not long be confined to his own country, but that we shall do him the same justice as has been done to Drs. Spohr and Mendelssohn. All the German organ composers follow Rinck's peculiar style of writing, but none of them have displayed his genius. The most successful of his disciples is his own pupil, viz. Adolph Hesse,

His funeral was most imposing. The professors of the Gymnase, the Grand-Ducal Chapel, and his numerous friends, assisted at his burial. In addition to these, many of the nobility and officers of the household of the Grand-Duke of Hesse Darmstadt attended to pay respect to his memory. An oration was delivered, and some of his beautiful compositions were sung at his grave, and the ceremony was throughout of a very touching description.—*Literary Gazette.*

JOURNAL OF SCIENCE, INVENTIONS, AND IMPROVEMENTS.

METROPOLITAN SEWAGE MANURE COMPANY'S PLANS.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 300.]

We continue the evidence of Dr. MILLER. He speaks positively as to the superior value of sewage water over solid manure.

SUPERIORITY OF SEWAGE WATER.

Mr. Tower.—What do you conceive with regard to the value of this liquid manure—that it has a superiority, and is more valuable itself than the solid, or not?—Perhaps I may be allowed to mention a calculation from my analysis of the solid matter: ammonia in the state of salt is worth, at the lowest computation, 16s. a cwt. Now, upon the low computation that only one ton of ammonia (which is equal to three tons of any salt of ammonia) passes off into the Thames each day from this sewer, 48l. worth would be thrown away; in the same way, about a ton of earthy phosphates, or bone earth, the commercial value of which is not less than 3l. a ton; say the same for the potash thrown off; we shall have 54l. worth passing off every day, actual money value. The quantity of solid matter in suspension, say it amounts even to double the quantity I have found (I have found nearly 50 grains per gallon), say 100 grains, would yield daily about 16 tons (of course taking for granted that the calculation of the delivery of this sewer is correct), it would yield daily 16 tons of solid matters in suspension, which at 10s. per ton would be worth only 8l. so that we have for the liquid manure an excess of value 46l. over the solid.

Lord R. Grosvenor.—The daily loss is 62l. per day?—No; 54l. for the liquid.

Mr. Tower.—The total loss would be about 64l.?—Yes.

What have you based your calculation upon, as to the quantity discharged from this sewer?—From information I received that the delivery was at the rate of 30 gallons per second; five cubic feet per second in the King's Scholars' Pond Sewer, that is nearly 12,000 tons a day. I have reckoned 224 gallons to a ton, that being at the rate of 10 lbs. per gallon, and of course 20 cwt. to the ton, would be 2,240 lbs.

Mr. WILLIAM DICKENSON, farming extensively, and keeping many horses at Willesden, was next examined. He stated that for some years past he had been in the habit of manuring his grass lands with the urine of his stables debited with water. It was collected in a tank, and distributed by a water-cart. The astonishing results were thus stated:—

RESULTS OF LIQUID MANURE.

The result of which has been, that I grew, the year before last, nine or ten crops of valuable grass.

Lord R. Grosvenor.—Upon the same ground?—Yes.

To what quantity of ground have you applied it?—The year before last, I think, three quarters of an acre, upon a surface of clay, with a subsoil of clay, so bad that the Norfolk man said, "I would not have your farm as a freehold;" and the Lincolnshire man said, "I would not give you 12s. an acre for it, if it was at my own door." The first was less than three quarters of an acre; that was mown nine or ten times the year before last, in the course of twelve months.

Mr. B. Smith.—What did these mowings produce; what height of grass was there?—It increased in height as the temperature of the atmosphere. Some of these crops were three feet high, some of them more than three feet.

How much was the largest?—I think the first ten inches or a foot, up to three feet six inches high.

How many tons per acre?—I can tell you the first, the present year more particularly. In the present year, in January, was cut the first crop, which weighed 2lbs per yard, upwards of four tons per acre; I weighed the produce of a certain portion for the first time. The crop has increased in height every cutting since. The fifth is now growing upon the ground; the fourth is cut.

Mr. Duncan.—The second, third, and fourth cutting have increased in weight?—I should say the second cutting was nearly twenty inches high.

Will you state the weight of that?—I did not weigh that; I should think twice the weight of the other.

Mr. B. Smith.—More than eight tons of the green grass?—Yes, it was.

Mr. Duncan.—Could you state the third and fourth cuttings?—The third and fourth have been greater still. The first cutting this year was in January, and it was without liquid; we never liquid till after we cut; that was the natural growth of the grass; there was no manure.

Mr. Tower.—This liquid manure?—No. The year before the land was occupied with tares and oats, having been for three years previous Italian rye grass, and there might be the remains of the urine.

Mr. Duncan.—As to the fourth cutting?—January, April, May, June.

What in May?—I cannot state the quantity, but each quantity was more than the previous one. The cuttings have increased in quantity, as the temperature of the atmosphere became higher.

Then the committee are to understand that both in May and June the quantity of cuttings was beyond eight tons each time?—Yes, I am speaking from memory. If I were to state twelve tons, I should be within the truth, I am certain. This matter is so often disbelieved that I am rather cautious of saying what really does take place.

Lord R. Grosvenor.—You say the first crop was taken in January, and that it had not had any previous application of this manure?—Only as much as was left in the earth, another crop being between. The ground had been three years under this cultivation, it was then ploughed, and crops of oats and tares between, which had none.

Would ground, do you imagine, not so manured, produce a crop of grass in January similar to that?—In this climate, and with good rich substance, it would.

Mr. B. Smith.—When was the Italian rye grass sown?—I think in September.

Immediately after the tares and oats were off?—Almost immediately; I think it was September.

After one ploughing?—It might be two ploughings, I cannot say which. The oats and tares were eaten green. They were so wonderful after the grass that I took them as samples to the agricultural show at Beverley; and the Yorkshires were astonished beyond measure at the grass report. Their argument was this: "You have exhausted your soil." I said, "I was aware that you would say so, and therefore I have brought the plants of the tares and the oats." The number of grains was astounding, so that there might have been in the earth the remains of the power of this urine used to the grass before.

Do you recollect when the oats and tares were cut?—I think in July, and early in August.

Were they cut in patches?—Having a great number of horses only about two acres of them; they were quickly eaten.

All cut at one time?—Day by day.

Mr. W. Hamilton.—What was the quantity to which this manure was applied between the first cutting in January and the second in April?—Every cutting was watered with the water-cart only once; four acres regularly, six partially.

What was the quantity to an acre?—From 3,000 to 3,500 gallons of water are sufficient for an acre. I calculate 3,100 gallons of urine and 2,200 of water.

But we must reserve the remainder of this interesting evidence for another week.

A new railway signal, invented by Mr. J. H. Dutton, for the purpose of establishing a communication between the guards of a train and the engine-driver, was submitted to experiment on the Eastern Counties Railway on Tuesday; and the result was considered satisfactory. The apparatus consists of tubes passing under the carriages, with whistles attached to the engine and the guards' carriages; a guard by blowing through the tube sounds the whistle on the engine and on the other break-carriage; and thus notice can be given to the driver to stop the engine, and to the second guard to put on his break.

There is a person named Patrick Keenan, at present in Ennis, who confidently asserts that he has discovered a method of blasting hills and any large bulks, at the distance of one mile, in the space of a minute. The system can also be applied to the sinking of pumps and wells. Keenan is a Limerick man, and has been for some time employed under the Board of Works at 10s. a week.—*Limerick Chronicle.*

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.—Hitherto heat unaided by affinity has been unequal to resolving water into its constituents; electricity has been the only single agent by which this could be

accomplished. But we hear, and we have full faith in the report, that Mr. Grove has succeeded in decomposing water by heat alone; or, popularly to express it, he has boiled water into its elements, oxygen and hydrogen. This, then, is the second grand physical discovery in England this year, both of high scientific importance, and both adding to the fame of their respective authors, Faraday and Grove.

SPONTANEOUS SOUNDS IN IRON AND STONE.—Singularly illustrative of the much disputed property affirmed by the ancients of the sound emitted at sunrise by the statue of Memnon, in Lower Egypt, is the singular phenomenon of sound occasioned by the vibration of soft iron produced by a galvanic current. It was first discovered by Mr. Sage, and since verified by the observations of a French philosopher, M. Marian. The experiments were made on bar of iron which was fixed at the middle in a horizontal position, each half being enclosed in a large glass tube, around which were wound spirals of copper wire. A cord of copper wire was afterwards substituted for the two helices, and placed with its axis coincident with the axis of the bar. On completing the circuit, the longitudinal sound, although feeble, could be distinguished, the bar of iron being a little lengthened or expanded in the direction of its axis. The origin of the sound has therefore been attributed to a vibration in the interior of the iron bar, or a new arrangement of the molecules, an explanation which has been more than once advanced for the mysterious phenomenon of the same kind connected with the history of the Memnonian statue.

JOURNAL OF MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

MESMERIC INFIRMARY.—A meeting held at the Earl of Duncie's, No. 23, Belgrave-square, July 9th, 1846, being convinced of the vast benefits derived from Mesmerism in the cure of diseases, even the most intractable, as well as in the prevention of pain in surgical operations, and being desirous that its benefits should be more widely extended to the poorer classes than individual exertion can accomplish,—Resolved, 1. That with this view a Mesmeric Infirmary shall be established by voluntary contribution, for the cure of diseases and the prevention of pain in surgical operations. 2. That this Infirmary shall be under the management of a President, Vice-Presidents, Trustees, a Treasurer, Secretary, and Committee. 3. That the Right Hon. the Earl of Duncie be President.

Heirs-at-Law, Next of Kin, &c. Granted.

[This is part of a complete list now being extracted for THE CRITIC from the advertisements that have appeared in the newspapers during the present century. The reference, with the date and place of each advertisement, cannot be stated here without subjecting the paragraph to duty. But the figures refer to a corresponding entry in a book kept at THE CRITIC Office, where these particulars are preserved, and which will be communicated to any applicant. To prevent impudent curiosity, a fee of half-a-crown for each inquiry must be paid to the publisher, or if by letter, postage stamps to that amount inclosed.]

- 314. Capt. HENRY GLYNN, late of the Royal Spanish Lancers. Important communication.
- 315. EBENEZER BROWN, of Pennywick, near Edinburgh, wright or house carpenter, who left Leith in 1809 for London, and from thence went to Chatham, where he was living at the "Bell on the Crook," in 1814. *Something to advantage.*
- 316. JOHN VICKERMAN, formerly of Newsome, Yorkshire, clothier, since living at Mr. Lacy's, 20, Titchfield-st. Marylebone. Now aged about 37. *Something to advantage.*
- 317. MR. GEORGE BUSH, a native of Fort Royal, Martinique, who left that island in 1819, with his father, Mr. Joseph Bush, to go to England. To claim 475,000l.
- 318. HEIR-AT-LAW and NEXT OF KIN of CHARLOTTE BUSH, of Hertford (died in June 1835), or their representatives.
- 319. NEXT OF KIN of ELIZABETH ASCROFT, late of Upholland, Wigan, Lancaster (died August 1824), or their representatives. Said E. Ashcroft was formerly E. Arnold, and resided at Hoxton, Middlesex, and was married to Abraham Ashcroft, in St. James's, Clerkenwell, Middlesex, on 14th Oct. 1806.
- 320. NEXT OF KIN of ROBERT ALEX. DURCE, late of Cunningham-place, St. John's Wood, Regent's Park, Middlesex, gent. (died in June 1829), and formerly a clerk in the East-India Company, or their representatives.

- 321. MR. HENRY PERRIN, late surgeon, H.C.S. supposed to be in London, and lately residing at New York. *Something to advantage.*
- 322. MARGARET SPEDDING (formerly Margaret Simmons, spinster). *Something to advantage.*
- 323. Madame de la BATAT, who lately resided at Port Louis, France. To make claim on the estate of John Smithson, who died at Genoa, Naples, in 1829.
- 324. RELATIONS OF G. SERJEANT PIPER, who died in Jamaica some years back. *Something to advantage.*
- 325. NEXT OF KIN of JOHN SMITH, late a seaman belonging to the merchant seaman Charles Keir (died 7th Nov. 1836). *Something to advantage.*
- 326. NEXT OF KIN of JAMES SIM, formerly of Little Torrington-street, St. George's, Bloomsbury, afterwards of Tottenham-court-road, and subsequently of Woburn-square, Middlesex (died Sept. 1833), or their representatives.
- 327. J. SOTIRI, of Macadendro, who came over to this country from Frankfort-on-the-Main, about 1835, with the intention of returning to Greece by way of Malta. *Something to advantage.*
- 328. GRANDCHILDREN "born in wedlock," of JOHN JORDAIRE (who resided in Paternoster-row, and died in Feb. 1772), and who were living on 21st Feb. 1837. *A legacy.*
- 329. PERSONAL REPRESENTATIVES of THOMAS BETTLE, late of Strixton, Northampton, deceased; of WILLIAM BETTLE, late of Woolaston, Northampton, deceased; and of JAMES BETTLE, late of Hale Weston, Huntingdon, deceased, legatees named in the will of Jonathan Battle, of Woolaston, and who died in August 1800. *Something to advantage.*
- 330. NEXT OF KIN of BETSEY HALL, spinster, formerly of Leytonstone, Essex, then of Rastington, Sussex, and afterwards of Brighton. *Something to advantage.*
- 331. THOMAS BARNARD DAVIES, formerly of Usk, Monmouth, surgeon. *Something to advantage.*
- 332. NEXT OF KIN of LUDER AUBREY, a lunatic (died Oct. 1838), or their representatives. The lunatic resided many years under the care of his committee, first at Wootton-under-Edge, then at Clapham. His father was a merchant in Bush-lane, City of London, in 1792.
- 333. RELATIONS OR NEXT OF KIN of JOHN ROWE, formerly of Tottenham-court-road, and afterwards of Bleheim-street, Chelsea, Middlesex (deceased). *Something to advantage.*

(To be continued weekly.)

BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The volumes of THE CRITIC handsomely, strongly, and uniformly bound, as they are completed, at 4s. 6d. each. The stamped numbers may be transmitted by the post, open at the ends, addressed to the Publisher, with a distinctive mark, of which advice should be given in a letter directing how the volumes, when bound, shall be returned. A Portfolio on a new and convenient plan for preserving the current numbers of THE CRITIC may be had at the office, or, by order, through any bookseller in town or country. Price 4s.

We subjoin the Orders in Council for establishing International Copyright between this country and Prussia, and the admission at reduced rates of duty of prints and engravings from Prussia, to which we alluded in our last number.

"At the Court, at Osborne-house, Isle of Wight, the 27th day of August, 1846:

"Present—The Queen's Most Excellent Majesty in Council.

"Whereas a treaty has been concluded between her Majesty and his Majesty the King of Prussia, whereby due protection has been secured within the Prussian dominions for the authors of books, dramatic works, or musical compositions, and the inventors, designers, or engravers of prints and articles of sculpture, and the authors, inventors, designers, or engravers of any other works whatsoever of literature and the fine arts, in which the laws of Great Britain and of Prussia do now or may hereafter give their respective subjects the privilege of copyright, and for the lawful representatives or assigns of such authors, inventors, designers, or engravers, with regard to any such works first published within the dominions of her Majesty.

"Now, therefore, her Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of her privy council, and by virtue of the authority

committed to her by an Act, passed in the session of Parliament holden in the seventh and eighth years of her reign, entitled 'An Act to amend the law relating to international copyright,' doth order, and it is hereby ordered, that from and after the 1st day of September, 1846, the authors, inventors, designers, engravers, and makers of any of the following works (that is to say), books, prints, articles of sculpture, dramatic works, musical compositions, and any other works of literature and the fine arts, in which the laws of Great Britain give to British subjects the privilege of copyright, and the executors, administrators, and assigns of such authors, inventors, designers, engravers, and makers, respectively, shall, as respects works first published within the dominions of Prussia, after the said 1st day of September, 1846, have the privilege of copyright therein for a period equal to the term of copyright which authors, inventors, designers, engravers, and makers of the like works, respectively, first published in the United Kingdom, are by law entitled to; provided such books, dramatic pieces, musical compositions, prints, articles of sculpture, or other works of art have been registered, and copies thereof have been delivered according to the requirements of the said recited Act, within twelve months after the first publication thereof in any part of the Prussian dominions.

"And it is hereby further ordered, that the authors of dramatic pieces and musical compositions which shall, after the said 1st of September, 1846, be first publicly represented or performed within the dominions of Prussia shall have the sole liberty of representing or performing in any part of the British dominions such dramatic pieces or musical compositions, during a period equal to the period during which authors of dramatic pieces and musical compositions first publicly represented or performed in the United Kingdom are entitled by law to the sole liberty of representing or performing the same; provided such dramatic pieces or musical compositions have been registered, and copies thereof have been delivered according to the requirements of the said recited Act, within twelve calendar months after the time of their being first represented or performed in any part of the Prussian dominions:

"And the Right Hon. the Lords Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury are to give the necessary orders herein accordingly. "C. C. GREVILLE."

"At the Court at Osborne-house, Isle of Wight, the 27th day of August, 1846 :

"Present—The Queen's Most Excellent Majesty in Council.

"Whereas by an Act passed in the present session of Parliament, entitled 'An Act to amend an Act of the 7th and 8th of her present Majesty, for reducing, under certain circumstances, the duties payable upon books and engravings,' it is enacted, that whenever her Majesty has, by virtue of any authority vested in her for that purpose, declared that the authors, inventors, designers, engravers, or makers of any books, prints, or other works of art, first published in any foreign country or countries, shall have the privilege of copyright therein, it shall be lawful for her Majesty, if she think fit, from time to time, by an Order in Council, to declare that, from and after a day to be named in such order, in lieu of the customs from time to time payable on the importation into the United Kingdom of books, prints, and drawings, there shall be payable only such duties of customs as are mentioned in the said Act.

"And whereas her Majesty hath this day, by virtue of the authority vested in her for that purpose, declared that the authors, inventors, designers, engravers, and makers of books, prints, and certain other works of art, first published within the dominions of Prussia, shall have the privilege of copyright therein.

"Now, therefore, her Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of her Privy Council, and in virtue of the authority committed to her by the said recited Act, doth order, and it is hereby ordered, that from and after the 1st day of September, 1846, in lieu of the duties of customs now payable upon books, prints, and drawings, published at any place within the dominions of Prussia, there shall be payable only the duties of customs following; that is to say—

"On books originally produced in the United Kingdom, and republished at any place within the dominions of Prussia, a duty of 2*l.* 10*s.* per hundred weight.

"On books published or republished at any place within

the dominions of Prussia, and not being books originally produced in the United Kingdom, a duty of 15*s.* per hundred weight.

"On prints and drawings, plain or coloured, published at any place within the dominions of Prussia,

"Single, each 0*d.*

"Bound or sewn, the dozen . . . 1*d.*

"And the Right Hon. the Lords Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury are to give the necessary orders herein accordingly. "C. C. GREVILLE."

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

MODERN PILGRIMS TO JERUSALEM.—A curious petition has lately been presented to Parliament, entitled, the humble petition of Thomas Brodigan, of Piltown House, in the county of Meath. It appears that the petitioner, having a desire to visit Syria and Palestine, left this country in November last under a Foreign Office passport, which he had *vised* at Athens by the British Ambassador and by that of the Sublime Porte; that, in addition, he procured a firman from his Excellency Kiamel Pacha, the Turkish Governor-General of Syria, and was perfectly *en regle*. Thus supported, the petitioner reached Jerusalem during the holy week, for the purpose of witnessing the religious ceremonies of the Latin clergy. On the occasion of the ceremonies of Good Friday, he joined in the religious procession, and proceeded to the chapel on Mount Calvary. When the vicar, president of the Latin convent, and his clergy had moved in front of the spot where the Saviour had been crucified, an objection was made by some of the Greeks to the removal of the cloth that covered the marble table which stands over the hole in the rock in which the cross was inserted. There is a hole in the table corresponding with that in the rock beneath; and unless the cloth that covered the table were removed, it was impossible that the cross carried in the Latin procession could be inserted in the rock according to ancient custom. The petitioner was standing close to this table, when the Greeks interrupted the service. The Latin clergy asserted their right to proceed as usual, and from high words blows were given, which ended in a general engagement. In the violence of the conflict knives were used, wounds inflicted, and the petitioner's life endangered. The guards on duty in the church being unable to keep the peace, an express was sent to Mahmoud Pacha, who promptly attended at the head of a battalion of six hundred men; and it was this force alone that separated the combatants. Had his Excellency not been so prompt, there is no knowing the extent to which life might have been lost, for the tocsin of the Greeks and that of the Latins was sounding, calling on the respective nations to the combat and the rescue. After stating that such scenes were of frequent occurrence, and calculated to prevent the visits of Christians of distant nations, Mr. Brodigan concludes his petition as follows:—"Your petitioner, therefore, humbly prays of your honourable House to take such measures as will secure the fulfilment of the various treaties securing to Christians of every denomination a safe and free access to the holy sepulchre. History proclaims that this freedom of worship was established through the chivalrous blood of England in the Crusades: and petitioner prays that, through the peaceful agency of diplomatic interference, British subjects visiting Jerusalem and the Holy Land may be hereafter protected from outrages similar to that of which he was a witness."

BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.—The arrangements for the ensuing meeting, which commences on Thursday next, are nearly complete. For this, however, they are chiefly indebted to the Directors of the South Western Railway, who have not only placed all their available rooms at the service of the association for its meetings, &c. but subscribed 100*l.* towards the Reception Fund, being nearly one half of what has been subscribed for this purpose. The reception room will be at the terminus of the railway, and the meetings will be held as follows: Sections A, Mathematics and Physics, under the presidency of Sir John Herschell, and D, Zoology and Botany, with Dr. Richardson, the celebrated Polar traveller, at its head, at the Natural History Society's Rooms; sections E for Physiology, and F

for Statistics, under the respective presidencies of Professor Owen and Mr. G. R. Porter, will occupy the Bugle Hall of the railway; section C for Geology, under Mr. Leonard Horner, F.R.S., will hold its sittings at the Upper Archery rooms; section B for Chemistry, under Dr. Faraday, at the Polytechnic Institution; and section G for Mechanics, with Professor Willis at its head, at a Club-house. The local committee have been very successful in making arrangements with lodging-house-keepers to prevent exorbitant charges during the week. The South Western Steam Navigation Company have liberally placed at the disposal of the council one of their steam-vessels, for the purpose of conveying the members on a marine geological excursion to the Isle of Wight, and the ordnance authorities have granted to the members a free access to all the stores, &c., at Portsmouth and Gosport. No arrangements have as yet been made for the evening meetings with the exception of those of the first and last days, when the general meetings of the association will take place. Amongst other distinguished savants whose presence has been announced are M. Elie de Beaumont, the president of the institute of Paris; M. Oersted, the discoverer of Electro-Magnetism; Mr. Struvé, the Astronomer Royal of St. Petersburg, sent over to this country on a special mission for scientific investigation by the Emperor of Russia; M. Mattucci, the eminent Physiologist from Modena; M. Dumas, the eminent French Chemist, &c.

Our readers will remember that, during the Scientific Congress at Naples, the uncovering of a house at Pompeii was one of the characteristic objects of interest provided. This house, known by the title of the "Hunters," is now entirely exposed. It is said to be remarkable only for its pictures,—which all relate to hunting. The house examined on the occasion of the visit of the Emperor of Russia, it is asserted, presented nothing worthy of notice. A few amphorae and some bronzes were found,—but their quality was very ordinary. The visit of the Empress of Russia brought to light a portable kitchen. It was made of iron, and prepared with cavities to receive the saucepans containing the meat and vegetables. A recent excavation has discovered a house, in one of the rooms of which was lying the skeleton of a man; and near him were thirty-six silver coins and two gold ones. The latter were of the time of Domitian; and the silver pieces bore the likeness and name of Vespasian. It is thought likely that this man may have been a thief, who was overtaken by the fiery storm whilst making his escape with his booty.

The rich convent of Servites, near Prague, has lately been destroyed by fire. Not a single book of its extensive and valuable library could be saved.

ST. JOHN'S-GATE, CLERKENWELL.—This ancient structure, famous for its association with the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, and considered one of the oldest erections in the metropolis, after years of neglect, is at length in process of restoration, strict attention being paid to its original architectural construction.

MUSEUM OF ECONOMIC GEOLOGY.—The new building for the museum, the site for which is in Jermyn-street, Piccadilly, is to be commenced forthwith. The deposits at the present building at Craig's-court have, some time past, outgrown the means for their accommodation.

THE GOVERNMENT OFFICES AT WESTMINSTER.—It has now been determined that the fronts of the Treasury and Home Office shall be altered to accord with the great improvements made at the adjoining government offices towards Downing-street. Men are engaged in erecting the necessary scaffolding for the above purpose.

A RELIC OF OLD PARIS.—The demolition of the old house on the Quai Napoleon, No. 9, which is said to have been formerly inhabited by Heloise and Abelard, after having been suspended a short time, to see if any one would purchase the building for the sake of preserving it, has been resumed. In a few days the house will be levelled to the ground.—*Galigani's Messenger*.

Professor Lepsius, the distinguished savant, who has been staying some weeks in this country since his arrival from Egypt, has left town on his return to Berlin. The learned Professor has been engaged during the last two years in making explorations in the more remote parts of Egypt; and, it is said, has been most successful in his researches.

THE NEW GERMAN CHURCH.—The Abbé Ronge, the leader of this movement, has been condemned to four months' imprisonment for celebrating divine service in the town of Lachau without permission from the authorities. He will, it is added, appeal to the Prussian government, and to the King.

THE LATE EARTHQUAKES IN ITALY.—The *Semaphore de Marseille* of the 26th ult. publishes the following letter, dated Leghorn, 15th:—"We have just received the most distressing accounts of the disasters occasioned by the last earthquake in the hilly districts of Pisa and Volterra. Entire villages have been destroyed, and the inhabitants are now encamped in the fields. The government has prohibited the traffic on the railroads. Large fissures opened in the ground, and on one point swallowed up several oxen. In the plain of Cesina, between Leghorn and Campiglia, most of the country houses have fallen down. We are without news from the province of Siena. It is a remarkable fact that the districts which suffered most are entirely covered with sub-alpine marl. The workmen employed in the interior of the mines situate at the distance of a mile from Campiglia felt no shock, whilst those who were labouring above ground were so terrified, that fearing the building under which they were working would give way, they fled into the country."

A letter from Leghorn, of the 22nd ult. states that the shocks of earthquake had ceased. The accounts received there from various quarters carry the number of deaths to 70, and that of the wounded to 180. Above 4,000 persons have been deprived of shelter by the falling of their houses. Subscriptions for the relief of the sufferers have been opened, and the grand duke had come from Pisa to visit the wounded in the hospitals.

AMUSING DUEL.—Baden-Baden, which has been so long one of the temples of folly, would seem—if the chronicles of the place which the newspapers supply may be trusted—to have taken a tone and temper at once moral and practical. The code of the gaming-table is, apparently, falling from its authority, with the threatened deposition of the gaming-table itself. Two strangers, an Englishman and Prussian, quarrelled, according to a very common incident, over their play, and agreed in the usual course to fire at one another, as the recognized means of settling a dispute. The Englishman was so lucky as to win the first fire, and so unlucky as to miss his adversary. The latter had only now to shoot his man at his ease, and prepared to take his aim accordingly, when the Englishman cried out, "Stop, stop—I'll buy your shot." The first impression made was that of the novelty of the proposal—the second, that it contained the preliminaries of a mutually profitable transaction. The conditions of the arrangement were accordingly entered upon; and the two leading elements were, that the Englishman was rich, and the Prussian a good shot. The redemption was valued at 1,000*l.* and the parties returned to the city, alike satisfied with their bargain. The case was worth reporting, and we are glad it was the Englishman who set the first example of this clear insight into the rationale of duelling.—*Athenaeum*.

INTERESTING DISCOVERY.—A few days since, as the excavators under the employ of Mr. R. England were engaged on the works of the Wilts, Somerset, and Weymouth Railway, near Clifton Mabank, they discovered, a few feet below the surface, two ancient urns of peculiar make, which contained the remains of human bones in a calcined state. Another discovery took place on the works of the same line, near Penn Mill Inn, a few days ago, by the men employed by Mr. Baker, who found, at 14 feet under the surface, a perfect human skeleton and a variety of other bones, supposed to be those of a horse. There appears to be no means of accounting for the deposit of human body at such a depth and in such a situation near the River Yeo.—*Western Flying Post*.

A FRENCHMAN'S SKETCH OF ENGLISH MANNERS.—The English never expand in society; they seem to reserve all their spirits, and all their good qualities for *home*—for "in-doors." It requires all the genial warmth of the domestic fireside to dissolve the crust of ice, which envelopes them when abroad in the world. In their own little coteries, you will often find them good and agreeable; and in the closet, the pen in their hands, they are often brilliant, often full of pathos or of humour. But they do not know how to talk. They are never at ease in the presence of a stranger; except, perhaps, when

the bottle has been freely passed at the dinner table; but these are generally shallow-pated fellows, from whom nothing is to be learnt. You see them always hampered by that bane of English life, *la mode*—the fear of being out of fashion—the thrall of the coteries. When conversing with an Englishman you often read in his face that he thinks more than he says, that he has ideas which he will not express. It is generally the best, the most profound, the most intellectual part of himself, which he reserves for his intimate friend, for his wife, or for his mistress; but he rarely pays this homage to society.—*L'Inde Anglais par le Comte de Warren.*

A TRAVELLER.—Accounts have been received from Alexandria respecting Mr. Thomas Mansfield Parkyns, a gentleman well known in this neighbourhood, from his relationship to the noble proprietor of Bunny. Mr. Parkyns, at the early age of eighteen years, set out on a journey to explore Abyssinia and the countries adjacent thereto, in the north-eastern region of Africa, in which dangerous enterprise he has been engaged during the last five years. The latest intelligence states, that he was, in the beginning of June, at Khartoom, at the junction of the Blue and White Rivers, where he had been detained for some time by a severe illness, but was recovering, and was shortly expected to proceed down the Nile to Cairo. Mr. Parkyns had been very anxious to visit Darfour, but had been, it would seem, persuaded to relinquish the idea of so doing, as it is well known to those whom he consulted, that few, if any, who enter that wild country, are ever allowed to leave it again. We hope this high-spirited, talented young man will be preserved by Providence to visit once more his native land and home, and add the treasures of knowledge which he has acquired at the cost of so much toil and danger to the stock of the world's accumulating intellectual wealth.—*Nottingham Journal.*

THE OLD PALACE OF BRIDEWELL.—A few days since, as the workmen were excavating on the site of Coger's Hall, in Bride-lane, they came to a vault or dungeon belonging to the old palace of Bridewell, which in the reigns of William I. John, and Henry III. was used for holding their courts. Stow, in his Survey, makes mention of this place as extending from the Thames nearly to Fleet-street. The portion laid open, and now totally destroyed, consisted of a series of six groins, of elegant construction, supporting the roof of the apartment, 34 feet long and 17 feet broad, on the west side of which was discovered a window, completely blocked up with rubbish; but, by the judicious suggestions of the British Archaeological Association, the work of removal proceeded with care, and, by their well-organized plans, drawings were made of the more interesting portions of the building. The window proved to be of very early work, and retained portions of the iron bars. In the rubbish was found a leaden bull of Pope Nicholas V. a small button or abbey piece, besides vast quantities of pottery, glass, and tiles, all of early construction, with human bones, as well as those of animals.—*Globe.*

SCIENTIFIC CONGRESS.—The Scientific Congress of France opened its sittings at Marseilles on the 1st instant. In the morning the members present went to the cathedral, where a grand mass in music was celebrated. In the afternoon they assembled in the large concert-room of the Boisselot. An opening speech was delivered by M. Roux, in which he pointed out the numerous claims which Marseilles possessed to the choice which had been made of it for their present scientific meeting; after which, M. de Caumont was named president, and M.M. de Cusy, Forbin, Janson, Wulfrand, Puget, and Cauviere, vice-presidents of the congress.

The Birmingham Musical Festival had in gross receipts above 11,500*l.* and cleared nearly 5,000*l.* for the General Hospital: a very important sum for a most excellent charity.

Several statements have appeared in the journals containing deplorable accounts of the health of Madlle. Rachel, and of her retirement from the *Français* for a year, to enable her to pass that period in Italy. Unfortunately the health of the young tragedian has suffered severely, but it is hoped that a few months of absolute repose, and a quiet sojourn in the neighbourhood of Paris, will effect its restoration without resorting to the other side of the Alps. Should these hopes be realized, Madlle. Rachel will resume her place at the *Français* in December.—*Galignani.*

Mr. Dickens has announced a new novel in numbers, to commence in October. Its title indicates the cast of parts to be English, which we rejoice to see; for who can paint our commonality like the author of "*Oliver Twist?*"

REGISTER OF NEW PUBLICATIONS,

From Sept. 5 to Sept. 12.

NOTICE TO BOOKSELLERS.

A Register lies at THE CRITIC OFFICE, in which the Publishers of Books, Music, and Works of Art, in town and country, are requested to enter all new publications, with their sizes and prices, as soon as they appear. The weekly list will be regularly inserted in this department of THE CRITIC, and no charge will be made either for registration or for publication in THE CRITIC. Particulars forwarded by letter will be duly inserted.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Alderson's Orthographical Exercises, new edition, 18mo, 1s. shp.
—Arnold of Brescia, a Tragedy, by G. B. Niccolini, translated by T. Garrow, post 8vo, 6s. cl.—Ayre's (Mrs. H.) Lady's Practical Arithmetician, feap. 5s. cl.
Braithwaite's Retrospect of Medicine and Surgery, vol VI. 2nd edit. 12mo 5s. 6d. cl.—Burke's (P.) The New Small Debts Act Explained, 12mo, 5s. bds.
Chalmer's (Dr.) Works, 25 vols. 12mo, reduced to 4l. 7s. 6d. cl.; or separately 4s. per vol. cl.—Cruchley's New Picture of London for 1846, with map, views, and plans, 18mo. 5s. cl., or without map, 18mo. 3s. swd.
D'Arblay's (Mme.) Diary and Letters, vol. VI. post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—D'Aubigne's (Dr.) History of the Reformation, vol. IV. (Blackie's Emerald Edition) post 8vo. 1s. 6d. swd.; or the four vols. complete in one, post 8vo. 6s. cl.
Earl's Drawing Book on the Goniometric Line System, impl. 4to. 5s. 6d. swd.
Faber's (Rev. G. S.) Letters on Tractarian Secession to Popery, 18mo. 3s. cl.
Gibbs's (G.) Memoirs of the Administration of Washington and J. Adams, from the Papers of Oliver Wolcott, 2 vols. roy. 8vo. 17. 16s. cl.
Hagenbach's (K. R.) Compendium of the History of Doctrines, vol. I. 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—Haydon's (G. H.) Five Years' Experience in Australia Felix, roy. 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.—Hoppus's Measurer, improved by Crosby, new edit. 12mo 3s. bd.—Humboldt's Cosmos, translated under the superintendance of Lieut.-Col. Sabine, vol. I. post 8vo. 12s. cl.—Hughes's (J.) Scriptural Texts in Welsh, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.
Jobert's (A. C. G.) Philosophy of Geology, First Part, feap. 3s. cl.; or French and English in 1 vol. 12mo. 5s. 6d. cl.—John's (Rev. B.) Dictation Lessons in Prose and Verse, 18mo. 1s. cl.
Kennedy's (Dr. R. H.) Notes on Epidemic Cholera, 2nd edit. post 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.
Mair's (F. H.) Railway Hand-Book, and Companion to the Blisworth, Northampton, and Peterborough Railway, 12mo. 1s. swd.—McKenney's (T. L.) Memoirs, Official and Personal, and the Rights and Wrongs of the Indians, 2 vols. in 1 vol. royal 8vo. 18s. cl.—Modern Painters, by a Graduate of Oxford, vol. I. 3rd edit. imp. 8vo. 18s. cl. vol. II. 10s. 6d. cl.—Murray's Hand-Book of Northern Italy, new edit. post 8vo. 12s. cl.
New Timon, a Romance of London, 4th edit. post 8vo. 6s. cl.
Ormerod's (W. P.) Clinical Collections and Observations on Surgery, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—Ormesby's (Rev. G.) Sketches of Durham, demy 8vo. 5s. cl.—Osburn's (W.) Ancient Egypt, her Testimony to the Truth of the Bible, 8vo. 14s. cl.
People's (The) Temperance Library, vol. I. 32mo. 1s. cl.—Partot-Keeper's Guide, containing Directions in respect of the Diseases to which they are subject, 8 plates, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Proceedings at the Annual Meeting of the Archaeological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland, at Winchester, Sept. 1845, 8vo. 20s. cl.
Reader's (Thos.) Tables on a New and Simplified Plan, to facilitate the Operation of Discounting Bills, post 8vo. 14s. cl.—Riego's (Mlle. de la Branchardiere), Knitting, Crochet, and Netting, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Rome, Pagan and Papal, by an English Resident in that City, 12mo. 5s. cl.—Round Preacher (The) by an Ex-Wesleyan, 2nd edit. 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.
Sedgwick's (Miss) Morals of Manners for our Young People, plates, 16mo. 2s. cl. gilt.—Sequel to the Daily Lesson Book, No. 2, 18mo. 8d. cl. swd.—Symons' (J. C.) New Poor-law Removal Act, cr. 8vo. 1s. swd.—Sybil Spell (The), a Fairie Tale in Verse, 12mo. 1s. 6d. swd.

Thomson's (H. D.) *Experimental Researches on the Food of Animals*, 8vo. 5s. cl.—Townshend's (Rev. C. H.) *Descriptive Tour in Scotland*, 8vo. 9s. cl.—"Titmarsh's" (M. A.) *Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo*, 2nd edit. 12mo. 6s. cl.—Wallace's (Dr. W. C.) *Treatise on the Eye*, 12mo. 2s. swd.—Wordsworth's *Poetical Works*, new edit. 7 vols. 12mo. 35s. cl.

BOOKS WANTED TO PURCHASE.

No charge is made for insertion in this list. Apply to the Publisher of *THE CRITIC*, stating price.

BURDON'S MATERIALS FOR THINKING.

Statistical Account of Scotland, by Sir John Sinclair, 20 vols. *North British Review*, Nos. I. to IX.

GLEANINGS, ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

The following appalling account of the havoc made by cholera among our brave troops, and the country people at Kurrachee, is taken from the *Bombay Times*. The noble conduct of the healthy soldiers to their comrades who were smitten by the pestilence is extremely touching, and makes us feel proud that the intrepid and humane men were Britons:

Cholera, in one of its most frightful and deadly forms, has just visited Kurrachee, and in the course of ten days carried off one-fourth of the troops and one half of the inhabitants of that station. Ever since the conquest, the seaport of Scinde has enjoyed a comparative exemption from those maladies which have been so fearfully fatal in the upper country, so that the fact escaped us that Kurrachee was subject to triennial visitations, and that if, in 1839 and 1842 the disease was the same, only less fatal than in 1846, the circumstances most probably depended on the smaller volume and lesser density of the mass of human beings on whom it had to act. The heat had for the first fortnight of June been intense, but there was no considerable amount of sickness at the station. The 14th was a Sunday, and the atmosphere was more than usually stagnant and oppressive. A thick portentous-looking cloud crept up the sky when the troops were proceeding to church, and a sudden burst of wind threatened the buildings. It passed away almost as speedily as it came, and when the worshippers retired the air was as still as when they assembled. At that same hour did the pestilence appear. Before midnight nine of the 86th were at rest, and men began to be borne into hospital in such numbers that it was difficult to make arrangements for their reception. It was a fearful night. With morning came the tidings that the pestilence was overspreading the town, and fifty had in twenty-four hours fallen victims. The 86th were the earliest, and continued to be the severest, sufferers. They and her Majesty's 60th had for six months been in tents close to each other: they were, the day after the disease appeared, marched out for change of air, and encamped by the sea-shore near Clifton. The Rifles were next attacked; then the Fusiliers; the artillery and native infantry began to suffer after this. For five fearful days did the destroyer lay his hand most heavily upon them, and in this time more than 1,000 men were carried to their graves! The pestilence now began to abate—it had done its worst, and seemed about to withdraw: within less than a fortnight 900 Europeans, including 815 fighting men, were carried away. 600 native soldiers and 7,000 of the camp-followers and inhabitants of the town had been hurried into eternity. The conduct of the Governor is stated to have been beyond all praise; anxiety for the sick conferring an alacrity on limbs the hand of time might have stiffened. He went about everywhere—counselling the healthy—seeing that the sick were cared for—cheering the sufferers, and comforting those hastening to another world. Pestilence, which too often generates recklessness and indifference, was here met with manly dignity and Christian composure and resignation. The men disregarded infection, braved every danger in waiting on each other, and each seemed to feel that the tenderness one hour bestowed on a suffering comrade might be the next required by themselves. The feeling in too many cases was not slow in being realized. Calamity is apt to beget complaint—sickness to generate unreasonable querulousness. Yet on the present occasion no single murmur against the arrangements or conduct of any one has reached us during the currency of the pestilence. The appearance presented by Kurrachee after

the fatality of the disease had passed is described as very awful. The temporary sojourners in the town, and all who could get away, had fled panic-struck: of the natives, one-half nearly had been removed by death. The soldiers had been buried in their beds—there was no time for shroud or coffin—in pits of such depth as could be excavated in haste. The effluvia now arising from the remains of 8,000 festering dead—half-burned or half-buried—is described as fearful—it to generate a second pestilence. Cholera had been heard of in the neighbourhood, and its appearance was not wholly unexpected. It seems now to be creeping up the river, great apprehensions of its approach to Hydrabad being expressed. At Sukkur, again, a very virulent variety of fever afflicts the European soldier. In a few hours it is fatal; and so severely have the men of her Majesty's 17th suffered, that arrangements were being made for bringing them down to Hydrabad by steam. The regular triennial visitation, so fatal in Upper Scinde, is not due till next year. Such is the salubrity of Young Egypt in 1846! In the course of three years it has been the grave of nearly 6,000 of our troops!

ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS.—"My dear girl," said that revered man to me, "I'll tell you what is meant by 'sociation of ideas.' Thus it is as it happens to your blessed father. When at about ten at night, your mother—darning a stocking, or what not—looks up full at me—I can't help it—I think of a lemon; then I think of whisky—whisky leads me on to a glass—a glass goes to nothing but hot water—hot water cries out sugar—sugar asks for a spoon; and before you can say 'Jack Robinson'—the name of your blessed ancestor, who was a very quick chap, and came over with the Normans—I say to your mother, and all beginning with the lemon of her looking at me, 'My dear, the toddy!' And this, my darling girl, is the 'sociation of ideas!'—"Adventures of Miss Robin-som Crusoe.

THE NAIL IN THE COFFIN.

(From the *Athenaeum*.)

What, threescore years and ten!—laughed a child, with eager look—
Oh! good my mother, there'll be time—nay, close that weary book!
Hark! very sweet the ouzel sings upon the old elm bough,
And my trusty hound he waiteth me—I hear him whine e'en now;
For I've promised he shall scou to-day the beach-wood by the burn,
And rouse the coney from the brake and the hare from out the fern:
Oh! good my mother, chide me not—sweet mother, smile instead;
I'll read anon, when skies grow dark, and the merry months have fled.

Tap! tap! said the hammer
To the nail in the coffin-lid!

Oh, life is very long!—said the maid, between her smiles;
What reck I for the solemn priest, who all earth's joy revives?
The time, indeed, may come for this glad heart of mine to wear
The sadder coloured vesture meet for trial and for care:—
But I have lovers twain, to-day—as all the world doth know,
And the sky is very blue above and bright the earth below;
And round about my pathway all sweet sounds and scents are shed—
I'll give good heed, O solemn priest! when youth—and these—have fled.

Tap! tap! said the hammer
To the nail in the coffin-lid!

Drink, drink, thou solemn, sad-faced loon! why list what dullard's say?—
Quoth a yeoman old, with rosy cheek, of stalwart heart and gay;
There's no such virtue in their prayers and preachings, well I trow,
As sparkles up from this merry bowl, that saith—"Come, quaff me now!"
Life's sand runs fast, too well I wet—I'm old, I know, and grey,—
But, troth! it seems to me, sir knave, I grow more hale each day:
Knock at my door, thou sad-faced loon, when ten good years have fled,—
And—ha! ha!—we'll drain as jolly a bowl, and never a drop be shed!

Tap! tap! said the hammer
To the nail in the coffin-lid!
—T. WESTWOOD.

LEGES CONVIVIALES.

- Quod felix faustumque convivis in Apolline sit.*
1. Nemo Asymbolus, Nisi Umbra, Huc Venito.
 2. Idiota, Insulsus, Tristis, Turpis, Abesto.
 3. Erudit, Urbani, Hilares, Honesti, Adsciscuntor.
 4. Nec Lecte Fœmina Repudiatur.
 5. In Apparatu Quod Convivis Corruget Nares Nil Esto.
 6. Epuis Delecto Potius Quam Sumpu Parantur.
 7. Obscurus Et Coquus Convivarium Gule Periti Sunto.
 8. De Discutib Non Contenditor.
 9. Ministri A Dapibus, Oculati Et Muti,
A Poculis, Auriti Et Celeres Sunto.
 10. Vina Puris Fontibus Ministrator, Aut Vapulet Hospes.
 11. Moderatus Poculis Provocare Sodales Fas Esto.
 12. At Fabulis Magis Qnam Vino Velitatio Flat.
 13. Convive Nec Muti Nec Loquaces Sunto.
 14. De Seris Ac Sacris Poti Et Saturi Ne Disseruntur.
 15. Fidicen, Nisi Accersitus, Non Venito.
 16. Admissos Risu, Tripudiis, Chores, Cantu, Salibus,
Omni Gratiarum Festivitate Sacra Celebrantur.
 17. Joe Sine Felle Sunto.
 18. Inispida Poemata Nulla Recitantur.
 19. Versus Scribere Nullus Cogito.
 20. Argumentationis Totius Strepitus Abesto.
 21. Amatoria Querelis Ac Suspiris Liber Angulus Esto.
 22. Lapharum More Scyphis Pugnare, Vitrea Collidere,
Fenestræ Excutere, Supellectilem Dilacerare, Nefas Esto.
 23. Qui Foras Vel Dicta, Vel Facta Eliminat, Eliminator.
 24. Neminem Reum Pocula Faciunto.
- FOCUS PERENNIS ESTO.

RULES FOR THE TAVERN ACADEMY,
OR

LAWS FOR THE BEAUX ESPRITS.

From the Latin of Ben Jonson, engraven in Marble over the Chimney, in the Apollo of the Old Devil Tavern, at Temple Bar, that being his Club-room.

Non terbum reddere verbo.

1. As the fund of our pleasure let each pay his shot,
Except some chance friend whom a member brings in.
2. Far hence be the *sad*, the *lewd fop*, and the *sot*;
For such have the plagues of good company been.
3. Let the *learned* and *witty*, the *jovial* and *gay*,
The *generous* and *honest*, compose our free state.
4. And the *more* to exalt our delight while we stay,
Let none be debarr'd from his choice female mate.
5. Let no scent offensive the chamber infest.
6. Let fancy, not cost, prepare all our dishes.
7. Let the caterer mind the taste of each guest,
And the cook, in his dressing, comply with their wishes.
8. Let's have no disturbance about taking places,
To show your nice breeding, or out of vain pride.
9. Let the drawers be ready with wine and fresh glasses,
Let the waiters have eyes, though their tongues must be tied.
10. Let our wines without mixture or stum be all fine,
Or call up the master and break his dull noddle.
11. Let no sober bigot here think it a sin,
To push on the chirping and moderate bottle.
12. Let the contests be rather of books than of wine.
13. Let the company be neither noisy nor mute.
14. Let none of things serious, much less of divine,
When belly and head's full, profanely dispute.
15. Let no saucy'fiddler presume to intrude,
Unless he is sent for to vary our bliss.
16. With *mirth*, *wit*, and *dancing*, and *singing* conclude
To regale every sense with delight in excess.
17. Let merriment be without malice or heat.
18. Dull poems to read let none privilege take.
19. Let no poetaster command or intreat
Another extempore verses to make.
20. Let argument bear no unmusical sound,
Nor jars interpose sacred friendship to grieve.
21. For generous lovers let a corner be found,
Where they in soft sighs may their passion relieve.
22. Like the old Lapithites with the goblets to fight,
Our own 'mongst offences unpardon'd will rank,
Or breaking of windows, or glasses, for spite,
And spoiling the goods for a rake-helly prank.
23. Whoever shall publish what's said, or what's done,
Be he banish'd for ever our assembly divine.
24. Let the freedom we take be perverted by none,
To make any guilty by drinking good wine.

SAXON PROVERB.—There is nothing bolder than a miller's shirt, for every morning it takes a thief by the throat.

PHYSICAL FORCE.—A poor Welsh miner, who had been induced to join in a riot, when under examination before the magistrates at Newport, repeatedly exclaimed as follows:—“I wur never for *vissifful force*.” Being asked to explain himself, he replied—“Why, zur, I never wur vor *pysonic um*!”

The *Montrose Review* says the following is a true copy of a letter received by a schoolmaster in that neighbourhood:—“Cur, as you are a man of nolegs, I intend to inter my son in your skull.”—*Scotsman*.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GENUINE HAVANNAH CIGARS.

EDWIN WOOD, 69, King William-street, City, begs to inform the admirers of a FIRST-RATE HAVANNAH CIGAR, that they will find at this establishment the largest and choicest assortment in London, selected with great care by an experienced Manufacturer in Havannah, and consigned direct to the advertiser. The Stock comprises the first qualities from the manufactories of SILVA & CO. Cabana, Woodville, Norriea, La Unions, Regalia, &c.; some very superior Old Princes, Government Manillas, and Planchadas; Bengal and Porto Rico Cheroots, with every other description now in demand. A large and select stock is always kept in bond, from which Gentlemen going abroad can at all times make their own selection.

Annexed is a list of the present prices for cash:

	s. d.	s. d.
Genuine Havannahs	18 0	British Havannahs.... 12s. to 16 0
Ditto, superior	22 0	Porto Rico Cheroots .. 9s. to 12 0
Ditto, the finest imported	26 0	Chinurah, or Bengal, ditto.. 12 0
Ditto, Old Princes	24 0	King's 35 0
Regalias	18 0	Queen's 28 0
Bengal Cheroots	12 0	The “Far-famed” Old Cu-
Tribaculos	30 0	has 12

Wholesale, retail, and for exportation.

A Post-office Order is requested with Country orders.

BY COMMAND OF HER MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT.—I, WILLIAM GRIMSTONE, sole inventor and manufacturer of the celebrated EYE-SNUFF, manufactured of British herbs only, under the authority of the Lords of the Treasury, bearing date the 16th day of February, 1825, do hereby acquaint all wholesale and retail venders and consumers, that the Commissioners of Stamps have commanded that in future all canisters bearing the label as corrected by their late solicitor, Mr. Godfrey Sykes, in the year 1827, shall have a medicine duty stamp affixed upon each canister. That the above order has been issued in consequence of the undoubted and proved curative qualities of this herbeaceous Eye-snuff in all cases of disease affecting those delicate organs—the eye, the ear, and the head. In consequence of the above order, each and every canister of Grimstone's Eye-snuff bears the Government stamp. The price is now 9*sd.*, 1*s.* 6*d.*, 2*s.* 7*d.*, 4*s.* 6*d.*, 9*s.* and 17*s.* 6*d.*; but for the better accommodation of the consumers, the dealers can be supplied at wholesale prices with boxes or bladders of 1*lb.* and upwards, so that it may be sold at 6*d.* per ounce loose by the vendors. All letters to W. Grimstone, Herbaria, Highgate.

A STONISHING EFFICACY OF HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

The Testimony of a Clergyman vouching to Eleven Cases of Cures by these wonderful Pills.

Extract of a letter from the Rev. George Prior, Curate of Mevagh, Letterkenny, Carrick, Ireland, 10th of January, 1845:—To Professor Holloway. “Sir.—I send you a crude list of eleven cases, all cured by the use of your Pills. I cannot exactly give you a professional name to the various complaints, but this I know, some of them baffled the skill of Derry and this county.” In a previous letter this gentleman stated as follows:—“Within a short distance of my house resides a small farmer, who for more than twenty years has been in a bad state of health. Mrs. Prior gave him a box of the Pills, which did him so much good that I heard him say for twenty years past he never ate his food or enjoyed it so much as since taking your Pills.”

The above reverend and pious gentleman purchased some pounds worth of the pills for the benefit of his poor parishioners.

The Earl of Aldborough cured of a Liver and Stomach Complaint.

Extract of a Letter from the Earl of Aldborough, dated Villa Messina, Leghorn, 21st February, 1845:—To Professor Holloway. “Sir.—Various circumstances prevented the possibility of my thanking you before this time for your politeness in sending me your Pills as you did. I now take this opportunity of sending you an order for the amount, and at the same time to add, that your Pills have effected a cure of a disorder in my liver and stomach, which all the most eminent of the faculty at home, and all over the continent, had not been able to effect; nay, not even the waters of Carlsbad and Marienbad! I wish to have another box and a pot of th ointment, in case any of my family should ever require either.

“Your most obliged and obedient servant,

(Signed) “ALDBOROUGH.”

Sold at the establishment of Professor Holloway, 244, Strand, near Temple-bar, London, and by most respectable druggists and dealers in medicines throughout the civilized world, at the following prices:—1*s.* 1*sd.*, 2*s.* 9*d.*, 4*s.* 6*d.*, 1*s.* 1*sd.*, and 3*s.* each box. There is a considerable saving by taking the larger sizes.

Directions for the guidance of patients in every disorder are affixed to each box.

BUSINESSES FOR SALE.

TO be SOLD by AUCTION, early in the month of OCTOBER (unless previously disposed of by private contract, of which due notice will be given), in one or various lots, as may be determined at the time of sale, the valuable buildings and premises, known by the name of THE TANGIER IRON FOUNDRY, situate at Taunton, in the county of Somerset, where, for many years past, an extensive business has been conducted. The buildings are all extremely substantial, and so erected that they may, at slight cost, be converted into dwelling-houses. The whole adjoins the proposed site for the new church, and will afford admirable opportunity for any person desirous of continuing the business, or to make a street of excellent houses, in a favourite locality, which would yield a large revenue. Any person desirous of continuing the ironfoundry and smithy, might have the buildings for a term, at a moderate revenue.

For further particulars, apply to Mr. C. CORFIELD, Architect, Taunton; W. R. HARRIS, Esq., Solicitor, 22, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, London; and for particulars, and to view, at Tangier House, Taunton; or at the office of the *Somerset County Gazette*, Taunton.

N.B.—Should not the above be sold, or let by private contract, further advertisements will announce the day and place of sale.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MR. BEARD'S COLOURED PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITS.

"We have been much pleased with some portraits taken by Mr. Beard; they exhibit a degree of boldness, and stand out with a relief greatly deteriorated in all the earlier specimens of the Art, while the method of colouring renders them agreeable and life-like."

Times. "But what a set of bad gods they are!"

"The resulting tableau will bear comparison with the best miniature." Morning Chronicle.

Establishments, 83, King William-street, City; 34, Parliament-street, Westminster; and the Royal Polytechnic Institution, Regent-street.

AN INFALLIBLE HAIR DYE.

ROWLAND'S MELACOMIA.—The most successful Liquid Preparation ever known in this or any other country for Dyeing the Hair of the Head, Whiskers, Mustachios, and Eyebrows a natural and permanent brown or black, so exactly resembling the natural colour of the hair as to defy detection. It is perfectly innocent in its nature, is free from any unpleasant smell, and can be used by any Lady or Gentleman with the greatest ease and secrecy. Its effect is so permanent that neither water nor perspiration will influence it; and it is entirely free from those properties (usual in Hair Dyes) which give an unnatural red or purple tint to the hair. Price 3s.

ROWLAND'S ODONTO, or PEARL DENTIFRICE.—A fragrant white powder, prepared from Oriental herbs of inestimable virtue for preserving and beautifying the Teeth and strengthening the Gums. It eradicates tartar from the teeth, removes from the surface of the teeth the spots of incipient decay, polishes and preserves the enamel, imparting the most pure and pearl-like whiteness; while, from its salutinous and disinfecting qualities, it gives sweetens and perfume to the breath. Its purifying and invigorating properties have obtained its exclusive selection by the Court and Royal Family of Great Britain, and of the Sovereigns and Nobility throughout Europe, while the general demand for it at once assumes the favour in which it is universally held. Price 2s. 9d. per box.

CONDITION.—To protect the public from fraud, the Hon. Commissioners of Stamps have directed the Proprietors' Name and Address to be engraved on the Government Stamp, thus:—A. ROWLAND & SON, 26, Hatton-garden—which is affixed on each box. Sold by the Proprietors, and by Chemists and Perfumers.

All others are Fraudulent Imitations.

BY ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.

SUN PICTURES, or the TALBOTYPE.—The late promise of this beautiful process is now presenting to the Public, through the usual media, Specimens of the Art, consisting of Views and Scenes from Nature, Copies of Works of Art, &c. See in great variety. The stock is receiving constant additions of new views, English and Foreign, and it can be confidently announced that, great as has been the interest with which they have already been received by the Public, especially by Artists, they are rapidly increasing in perfection, some of the most recent being characterized by a degree of precision, beauty, and artistic effect, previously unattained. Almost every object in Nature, including Portraits, Figures, and Groups from the Life, as well as Buildings, Sculpture, Bronzes, and similar works of Art, Specimens of Manufacture, Prints, Maps, Drawings, &c. may be copied by this process, with the most wonderful accuracy.

Nothemen and Gentlemen may have any number of different views taken of their Seats, Ornamental Buildings, &c., and each view multiplied indefinitely.

Artists can be supplied with infinitely varied Studies from Nature.

Manufacturers can be furnished with copies of any Articles of Manufacture, in the Metal, Glass, Porcelain, Furniture, Ornamentally-Paper, &c. &c. either separately, or for Pattern Books.

Authors, and Publishers will find the Photographic process, in many cases, far preferable to engraving for illustrating their Works, especially when faithful representations of Nature are sought, as this alone can be depended on for accuracy.

Applications to be addressed to Mr. B. Cowdery, Reading. I. 101.

The Pictures may be had singly or in sets, in plain or ornamental mountings, or framed and glazed in any style. Specimens may be seen at most respectable Printers or Stationers in the Kingdom, and an Advertisement will be found at the Publishers, Messrs. Ackerman, Strand, or Messrs. Gambart, 25, Berners-street, London.

YACHTING, DRIVING, and ANGLING.—The NEW DREADNOUGHT COATS and CAPES, made by J. C. CORDING, will be found by Sailors and Sportsmen to be the best articles ever made up for their use. They will resist the heaviest rain and the fiercest tropical heat for any time, and their durability is equal to their waterproof qualities. Trousers, leggings, sou'-westers, caps, and gloves, of the same proofing. Officers and others going to the colonies will find these articles invaluable. Gentlemen who drive should use CORDING'S new waterproof driving aprons and coats, the most serviceable and complete things of the kind, and approved by all who have tried them. Ladies' light riding capes, with hoods and sleeves. CORDING'S improved sheet India rubber boots are superior to anything hitherto made for the comfort of anglers and snipe shooters. They are light, pliable, and never crack; impervious to water for any length of time, and require no dressing to keep them in condition. Patterns and prices sent on application. Any description of article made to order.

London: J. C. CORDING, 231, Strand, five doors west of Temple-bar.

Just published, price 7s. bound, *MAIRS TYROS DICTIONARY of the LATIN LANGUAGE*; remodelled, corrected, and enlarged, with a dissertation on derivative and compound words.

By GEORGE FERGUSON, A.M.

One of the Masters of the Edinburgh Academy.

Bell and Bradfute, and Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; Clarke and Son, Aberdeen; and Simpkin, Marshall and Co., London.

Full particular on receipt of postage stamp.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Just published, price 7s. bound, *MAIRS TYROS DICTIONARY of the LATIN LANGUAGE*; remodelled, corrected, and enlarged, with a dissertation on derivative and compound words.

By GEORGE FERGUSON, A.M.

One of the Masters of the Edinburgh Academy.

Bell and Bradfute, and Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; Clarke and Son, Aberdeen; and Simpkin, Marshall and Co., London.

Full particular on receipt of postage stamp.

JOURNAL FOR THE ARCHITECT, ENGINEER, OPERATIVE, AND ARTIST.

THE BUILDER, No. 188, for Sept. 12, price 3d.

This is a most valuable periodical, devoted to the useful sciences of engineering, land architecture, and embracing the wide range of subjects which those sciences, with their sister art, present. So great, indeed, is the variety of topics treated of, and in so interesting a manner, that it is calculated to, and it does among great numbers of the intelligent of all classes, who, even if not directly connected with any of the avocations with which this periodical is most chiefly associated, feel an interest in what has such strong affinity with the most beautiful of the arts, and is so closely connected with the common objects, and the daily exigencies of the world around us. Its low price brings it within the reach of the operatives, with the nature of its contents commanding the more interest of all classes. —Newspaper Press Directory.

"This is a most valuable periodical, devoted to the useful sciences of engineering, land architecture, and embracing the wide range of subjects which those sciences, with their sister art, present. So great, indeed, is the variety of topics treated of, and in so interesting a manner,

that it is calculated to, and it does among great numbers of the intelligent of all classes, who, even if not directly connected with any of the avocations with which this periodical is most chiefly associated, feel an interest in what has such strong affinity with the most beautiful of the arts, and is so closely connected with the common objects, and the daily

exigencies of the world around us. Its low price brings it within the reach of the operatives, with the nature of its contents commanding the more interest of all classes. —Newspaper Press Directory.

"A well-conducted journal! —Literary Gazette.

A journal of deserved repute, and very useful to the architect, engineer,

operator, and artist. —Daily Telegraph.

This periodical fully sustains its title, and must prove of immense value as well as an agreeable companion to all who are engaged in architecture, engineering, or the fine arts. —Despatch.

Office, 2, York-street, Covent-garden.

Full particular on receipt of postage stamp.

Dr. CULVERWELL'S GUIDE TO HEALTH AND LONG LIFE.

With Diet Tables for all Complaints.

By R. J. CULVERWELL, M.D., B.R.C.S., F.R.C.P.

CONTENTS.—How to secure perfect digestion, tranquil feelings, a good night's rest, a clear head, and a contented mind. By an observance of the instructions herein contained, the table, the nervous, delicate, even to the most shattered constitution, may acquire the greatest amount of physical happiness, and freshen in health the ill period of life allotted to man.

To be had at Sherwood, 22, Paternoster-row; Carvalho, 147, Fleet-street; Hamley, 63, Oxford-street; Hunt, 10, Cornhill; and all Booksellers; or direct, by post or otherwise. Sent the Author, 10, Albany-street, Newgate-street, London.

Price, 1s. 6d. Postage, 1s. 6d. —Newspaper Press Directory.

London: Printed by HENRY MORRELL COX, of 74, Great Queen Street, in the Parish of St. Giles in the Fields, in the County of Middlesex.

Printed at the Printing Office, 74 & 76 Great Queen Street, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the City of Westminster, Pub-

lisher of the Office of THE CAVALIER, 10, Queen Street, Strand, on

Saturday the 12th day of September, 1846.

London: Printed by HENRY MORRELL COX, of 74, Great Queen Street, in the Parish of St. Giles in the Fields, in the County of Middlesex.

Printed at the Printing Office, 74 & 76 Great Queen Street, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the City of Westminster, Pub-

lisher of the Office of THE CAVALIER, 10, Queen Street, Strand, on

Saturday the 12th day of September, 1846.

